

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## COAL.

How FAR the maxim "All's fair in love" may apply to politics is a grave question. Partisan editors, however, seem to think that any advantage, fair or unfair, that may be taken of an opponent, is legitimate and moral. For example, we have here two classes of men, differing, we presume, in good faith, on a purely economic question, styled respectively

Protectionists and Free Traders. One insists on adjusting duties on imports so as to stimulate American industry; the other maintains that all duties are in the form of direct drafts on the pockets of consumers, and both aver that their respective policies are best for the country.

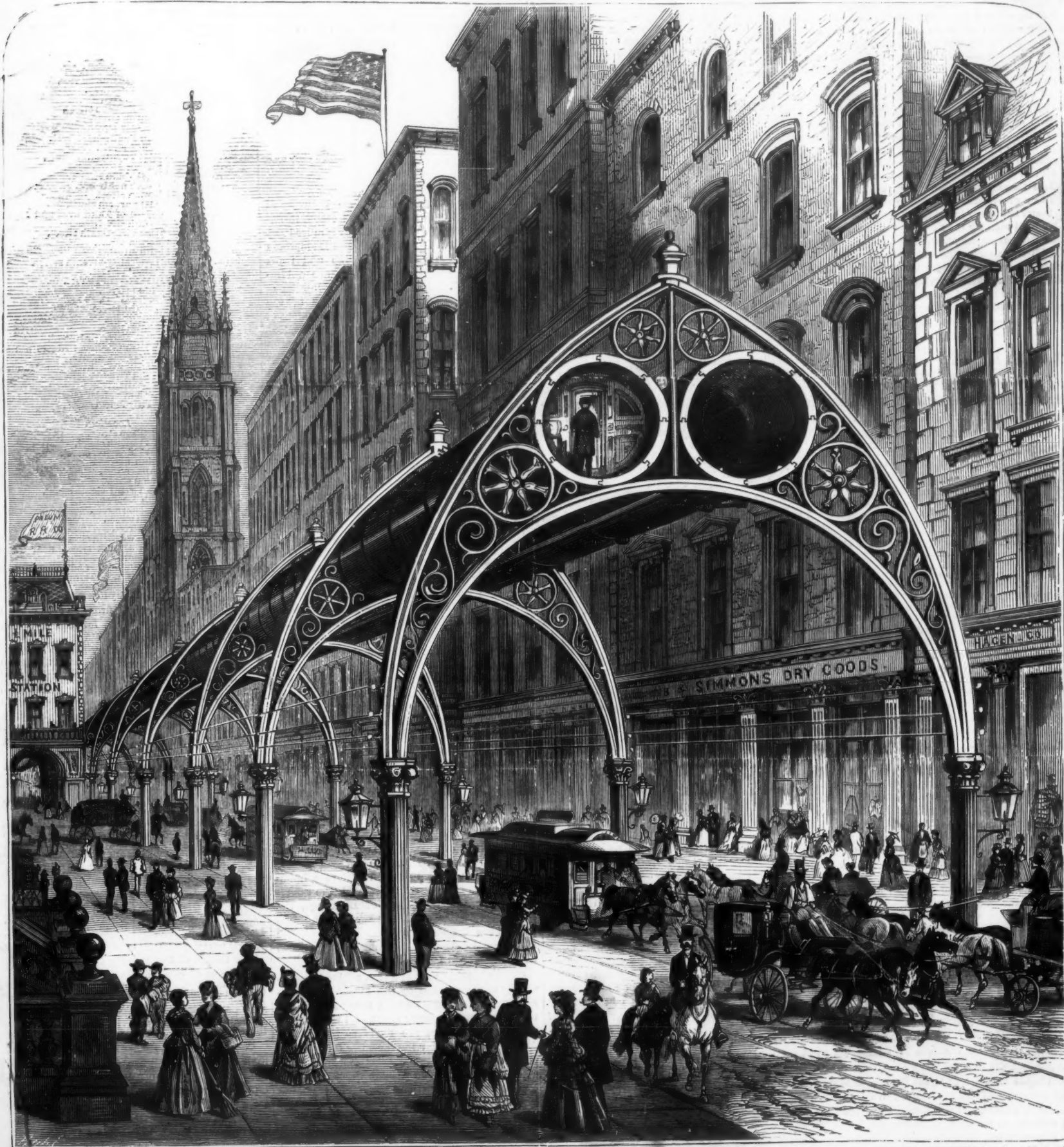
Of late we have had a dearth of coal, owing to complications at the mines not necessary to enumerate, since everybody is familiar with

them. As a consequence, the price of coal is nearly doubled, causing considerable distress among the poor. Whereupon a Free Trade newspaper before us exclaims in agonizing capitals, interspersed with italics, "See what Protection has done! It has trebled the price of coal!" And a Solon of our immaculate Legislature introduces resolutions demanding the immediate repeal of the duty on coal.

Now, what is the truth of the matter? Nine-

tenths of all the coal used in New York is anthracite; this is the *only* kind that has advanced in price. And on *this* kind there is no duty whatever! The rise has therefore no more to do with Protection or duties than it has with the perturbations of the planets.

There is, however, a kind of coal known as the bituminous, used almost exclusively for steamers and manufacturers, which is "protected" from British competition by a duty of



NEW YORK CITY.—IMPROVED PROJECT OF A COVERED ATMOSPHERIC ELEVATED RAILWAY FOR CITY TRANSIT. BY DR. R. H. GILBERT.—SEE PAGE 7.



\$1.25 per ton. This coal is not used by the poor, and very little by the rich, requiring peculiar grates, and being somewhat dirty in the handling.

Now, while the anthracite coal, which is not protected, but free of duty, has more than doubled in price, the bituminous remains unchanged, and can always be had at about \$7 per ton, which has been its cost for years.

Protection, we repeat, has had nothing whatever to do with the rise in coal, or with its price in any way; and we can only regard editors who maintain the contrary, and try to make out of the anomalous state of things an argument against an accepted system of economy, as knaves, who imagine their readers to be fools.

We advise our readers to buy the bituminous or protected coal until the anthracite or unprotected coal comes down to a reasonable cost. It may not be altogether as convenient, but it is less than half the price of the other.

## IMPORTANT LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Completion by English Writers of Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood."

This paper will shortly begin the publication of the concluding chapters of "The MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD." They are written with high literary art, advisingly, and in sympathy with the unfinished earlier part. The fact is that Mr. DICKENS, doing what he believed to be his life-work, had not been entirely reticent as to the scope of that work, and hints had been supplied by him, unwittingly, for a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten than he could probably have believed while in life.

All these, with much more of data, laboriously but lovingly procured, have fallen into the hands of the writers of this concluding story, who believe that they are really conveying a benefit, as well as a pleasure, to the world, in setting partially at rest the thousands of speculations to which the non-explanation of the "MYSTERY" has given rise. They believe themselves to have been really offering homage to a great name in faithfully gathering up what its bearer left merely in brilliant fragments.

We shall soon lay the novel of "EDWIN DROOD," from its commencement, before our readers. Of the English continuation they will be the first perusers. Our pages are all copyrighted, and there will be no competition amongst American publishers for the honor we have secured of first introducing this completed masterpiece to the American public.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1871.

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### Notice.

To OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN TEXAS. Owing to the disorderly condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post-Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

### A NEW VOLUME.

With this number we commence our Thirty-second Volume. Our new term is begun by us with the proudest auspices of past success, present endeavor and future certainty. Our corps of artists and writers is probably in a higher state of training and efficiency than it has ever been, or than any similar establishment has organized. We shall maintain in the future that strict attention to current events—that previous intelligence which places an art-reporter on every spot where an interesting event may be expected or has happened—that lavish expenditure—and that strict literary and typographic correctness—which have placed us high among literary journals and at the eventful summit of illustrated news furnishing in this country.

We commence the Volume with an unmistakable earnest of the enterprise and liberality which are habitual in this establishment, by introducing—among the host of interesting contents—the tropical pendings of our special artist, the only one who travels with the Santo Domingo Commission, and the highly important announcement of Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood," continued for these columns contemporaneously with the English publication.

### THE HIGH COMMISSION.

It needs no great degree of prescience to foresee that the "Joint High Commission" of the United States and Great Britain, that has just commenced its sittings in Washington, will be a failure. It will be a failure because its objects, so far as indicated in the terms of its appointment, on both sides, are indefinite, and because its action, whatever it may be,

cannot be final. Its proceedings must all come under review of the respective Governments of the United States and Great Britain, and, if both agree to them, they must still be relegated to another Commission to settle the practical parts of the matters at issue, such as awards, etc.—a thing infinitely more difficult and more likely to be embarrassing than a loose definition of principles concerning neutrality, fishing, etc., which seem to be all that is within the scope of the "High Commission."

How vague the notion of what its duties really are, was well illustrated by Mr. Disraeli in the British House of Commons. To his mind the Commission is not to confine itself to Alabama Claims, Fenian Claims, the Fisheries, and all that, but to take in hand the buncombe utterances of Ben. Butler, George Francis Train, the *Bunglown Sockdolager*, and the immortal Pogram, to say nothing of Chandler of Michigan, and to so settle matters that henceforth there shall be no invidious allusions to the scant mane, attenuated tail, and departed virility of the British lion. We must do the ex-Premier the justice to quote his own words, which certainly have a flavor of a rather heavy dinner at the Carleton:

"If we are to have a Commission, it will be a good opportunity for us to come to a clear understanding on that point—that England cannot be insulted or injured with impunity (cheers), and, although I should look upon it as the darkest hour in my life to support or even to counsel in this House a war with the United States, the United States must understand that we will not permit ourselves to be treated differently from other countries. (Cheers.) If once our naval and military institutions were in that condition which I hope on Thursday, or some early day, we shall find they are (a laugh)—if once it is known that Her Majesty's dominions cannot be assaulted without being defended—all this rosy rhetoric which is addressed to irresponsible millions, and, as it is supposed, with impunity to ourselves will, I believe, cease. (Cheers.) That is the state of affairs we have to encounter."

Should the "High Commission" follow out the suggestions of Mr. Disraeli, it will probably agree upon and establish a "Permanent Board of Squelchers," to whom Butler will be remitted for the gag, Train for an operation for the similes, the *Sockdolager* for suppression, and Chandler for consignment to Binghampton.

It is a question, however, if "Rowdy Rhetoric" (a first-rate designation, by-the-way,) could be thus "eternally laid out." Our Pograms are numerous and fecund. They get heavy Irish reinforcements, in the eyes of whom the born American isn't a bit of a patriot, because he feebly protests against over-running Canada as the means of "liberating" Ireland. The fact is, the "irresponsible millions" are too much for the High Commissioners, who had better resolve on nothing, and dissolve with dispatch, or, what is better, insist that England shall keep her convicts at home, and not entail on us the annoyance and expense of preserving the peace between her and her amiable wards across the Channel.

Of one thing we may be certain: if the High Commission comes to an understanding, the result will be, if not a surrender of American rights (which is one thing), certainly of American pretensions. But nothing of real and definite value will come of all this parade and pomposity. The real issues between the United States and Great Britain will be as far from permanent adjustment when the Commission breaks up, as now.

## THE METROPOLITAN FIRE DEPARTMENT.

### PART I.

If Rip Van Winkle had been present at any large fire in New York twenty years ago, and then, after his somewhat famous nap, were to see another fire now, he would probably exclaim, as he does when he sees his quondam wife submitted to the hectoring of her second husband, at Booth's Theatre: "Well, if I had not seen that, I wouldn't have believed it."

Twenty years ago, and for several years since, and for all time previously, the New York firemen performed their arduous duties "by hand." The engines of those days were nothing more than portable force-pumps, dragged through the streets by the firemen, and worked by the firemen when the scene of the fire was reached. They were "capable" of a stream of water about an inch in diameter, thrown about fifty feet; and the stream could be made continuous so long as the muscle of ten or fifteen men at a time could keep the huge pump-handles in motion. But it was the very hardest manual labor that men were ever called on to perform.

Nevertheless, the Corporation of the City of New York was about as tardy in availing itself of what may be called "the modern improvements" in the matter of extinguishing fires, as was the General Government in bestowing on the city a post-office building, originally constructed for post-office purposes. Long after the time when Cincinnati and many much smaller cities had introduced steam fire-engines, and the system of selecting and paying the firemen as a regularly engaged and disciplined corps, the people of New York were

compelled to leave their fires to the management of a volunteer corps of firemen, who did what such a corps could do, indeed, but who did it with the antiquated machines of a past age.

A new order of things now prevails. The introduction of steam-engines, and the change of the volunteer into the paid system, with all its attendant advantages, enable twelve men to do what formerly fifty men could not do. Yet, manifold and obvious as were the disabilities of the old system and the old machines, the parties concerned with them were "joined to their idols," and their opposition to a change was persistent and long continued. Even after the passage of the Act creating the Metropolitan Fire Department, March 30th, 1865, their opposition developed itself in all the injunctions and quibbles known to the law. However, the better system at last overcame its opponents, and, in firemen's phrase, "got them under."

The Department has now been in successful operation for more than six years. Its benefits have been numerous. It has steadily decreased the number of fires and the amount of losses by fires. It has rendered "firemen's riots"—things of frequent occurrence in previous days—a phrase almost unknown. It has put a stop to the depredations of thieves, to whom a fire was formerly an invitation to plunder with impunity. It has redeemed the scene of a fire from one of riot and confusion to one of regulated discipline. It has transformed engine-houses from loafing-places into places where routines of duty are enforced and respectable and intelligent men are content to make themselves homes. It has substituted regulation for disorder, use for romance, duty for indifference, and obligation for gratuity.

Firemen's Hall, the headquarters of the Department, is situated at Nos. 127 and 129 Mercer Street. The present officers are:

ALEXANDER SHALER, Pres't.  
JAMES GALWAY, Treas.  
T. BAYLEY MYERS.  
I. M. MCLEAN.  
M. B. WILSON.  
CHAS. E. GILDERSLEEVE, Sec.

Commissioners.

The force consists of fifty-two Foremen of Companies, fifty-two Assistant Foremen, thirty-eight Engineers of Steamers, four hundred Privates, and about fifty Hosemen and Laddermen attached to the suburban engine and truck companies. Besides those, there are a Fire-Marshal, a Building Committee, a Bureau of Combustible Materials, an Attorney of the Bureau of Storage Survey, a Superintendent of the Fire-Alarm Telegraph, and a Superintendent of Horses. There are also a Chief of the Department, three Chiefs of Brigades, and seven Chiefs of Battalions. The salaries paid to them are—the Chief of the Department, \$4,500; the Chiefs of Brigade, \$2,400; the Chiefs of Battalions, \$1,800; each Foreman, \$1,300; each Assistant Foreman, \$1,100; each Private, \$1,000; each Engineer of Steamer, \$1,200. The roll of officers and men includes a total of five hundred and ninety-two.

Under the old volunteer system, the officers and men of the Department were necessarily employed in their several vocations of business in various parts of the town, and, although an alarm of fire would promptly call them to their fire-duties, great delays in regard to a full and immediate muster of the force were inevitable. At present the officers and men are expected to devote their entire time and attention to their official duties, and the result is a prompt and full attendance on every scene of conflagration.

The Chief of the Department exercises supreme command at all fires; and, in case of his absence, his office for the time devolves on one of the Chiefs of Brigade. The duty of the Foremen is to keep an exact supervision over the buildings and apparatus committed to their care, and to hold the engineers, stokers, drivers and privates to a rigid observance of their individual duties.

All racing to or from fires is prohibited; and when the apparatus of two or more companies are compelled to move along the same street, they are required to move in single file. Ingress and egress to and from fires are made through police lines, and as near to the centre of a street as circumstances permit. No persons are admitted within the lines which inclose a building on fire, except the Fire-Marshal, the Superintendents and Inspectors of Buildings, the Inspectors of Gas, the Reporters for the Newspapers, the Presidents and Secretaries of Fire Insurance Companies, and Officers and Members of the Insurance Patrol.

On the breaking out of a fire, notice is immediately communicated by the Fire-Alarm Telegraph, to the nearest Alarm Station, and the notice is simultaneously sent to all the Companies whose services are likely to be needed. And it is now, when the lines are formed, the engines in position, and their machinery set a-going, that Rip Van Winkle should open his eyes and see how the thing works. The engine is of smaller dimensions than those he was wont to see; it seems to be itself on fire below, and its smoke is palpable above. No stalwart men are there moving its arms, but on the side is a little iron wheel that revolves with a click,

click, click, and apparently with no more force than one might apply with his finger. But the invisible power is there, and when Rip follows with his eye the line of the distended hose, and sees the volume of water that flies from its pipe with the velocity and range, almost, of a cannon-shot—a velocity that goes to the top of a building, and through it, and might almost batter it down—and sees, besides, that the flying jet is sustained with the untiring regularity of a piece of mechanism; then it is, that he "Would not have believed it, if he hadn't seen it."

A great advantage of a paid and disciplined corps of firemen has already been referred to. One of its features is, the rapidity with which an engine is set in motion for the scene of a fire. In the first place, the water in the boilers is kept hot and the fires "banked," so that they are in full blast when the engine is on its way to the fire. The horses are also in readiness. And from the moment that the alarm of fire is sounded until the horses are attached to the machine and the word "go" is given, there is but an interval of from fourteen to twenty seconds. Necessarily, therefore, as the horses are fleet and powerful, and as the distance to be traversed is short—for the engines nearest to the fire are those first notified by the telegraph—it is almost impossible for a fire to have made much progress before at least two or three engines are ready to play upon it.

There are thirty-seven Steam Engines, and fifteen Hook and Ladder Companies, namely:

Engine Co., No.	Location.
2.....	No. 304 West Forty-seventh street.
3.....	" 417 West Seventeenth street.
4.....	" 39 Liberty street.
5.....	" 340 East Fourteenth street.
6.....	" 100 Cedar street.
7.....	" 22 Chambers street.
8.....	" 165 East Fifty-first street.
9.....	" 55 East Broadway.
10.....	" 8 Stone street.
11.....	" 437 East Houston street.
12.....	" 201 William street.
13.....	" 99 Wooster street.
14.....	" 14 East Fourteenth street.
15.....	" 269 Henry street.
16.....	" 223 East Twenty-fifth street.
17.....	" 91 Ludlow street.
18.....	" 132 West Tenth street.
19.....	" 355 West Twenty-fifth street.
20.....	" 47 Marion street.
21.....	" 316 East Fortieth street.
22.....	Corner of Third ave., and Eight fifth street.
23.....	" 235 West Fifty-eighth street.
24.....	" 78 Morton street.
25.....	" 342 Fifth street.
26.....	" 220 West Thirty-seventh street.
27.....	" 173 Franklin street.
28.....	" 604 East Eleventh street.
29.....	" 193 Fulton street.
30.....	" 253 Spring street.
31.....	" 116 Leonard street.
32.....	" 18 Burling Slip.
33.....	" 220 Mercer street.
34.....	" 440 West Thirty-third street.
35.....	One Hundred and Nineteenth st., near Second ave.
36.....	Fourth ave., near One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street.
37.....	Manhattanville.
38.....	Tenth ave., near One Hundred and Fifty-fourth street.

Hook & Ladder Co., No.	Location.
1.....	No. 26 Chambers street.
2.....	" 126 East Fifty-fifth street.
3.....	" 108 East Thirtieth street.
4.....	" 690 Eighth avenue.
5.....	" 96 Charles street.
6.....	" 180 Clinton street.
7.....	" 217 East Twenty-eighth street.
8.....	" 7 North Moore street.
9.....	" 195 Elizabeth street.
10.....	" 191 Fulton street.
11.....	" 548 Fifth street.
12.....	" 243 West Twentieth street.
13.....	Eighty-seventh street, near Third avenue.
14.....	One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, near Third avenue.
15.....	Tenth avenue, near One Hundred and Fifty-fourth street.

The total number of fires and the total amount of losses by them, for the last five years, are as follows:

Year.	No. Fires.	Loss.
1866.....	790.....	\$6,428,000
1867.....	873.....	5,711,000
1868.....	740.....	4,342,000
1869.....	850.....	2,626,000
1870.....	964.....	2,120,000

The decrease in losses, without any decrease in the number of fires, must be taken as satisfactory proof of the efficiency of the Department.

An analysis of the fires for 1870—that is, for the official year of the Department, from the 1st of November, 1869, to the 31st of October, 1870—shows:

The number of buildings totally destroyed was.....	20
The number of buildings badly injured was.....	69
The number of buildings slightly injured was.....	823
The number of buildings not injured.....	18

The purposes for which the buildings where the fires originated were occupied, are:

Dwellings.....	242	Cigars.....	15
Fancy Goods.....	31	Restaurants.....	12
Artificial Hair.....	28	Lager Beer.....	13
Stables.....	28	Printers.....	11
Liquors.....	28	Foundries.....	10
Grocers.....	24	Dry Goods.....	9

The causes of the fires are thus specified:

Carelessness of occupants in the use of candles, matches, pipes, cigars, etc.....	206
Children playing with fire and matches.....	30
Kerosene.....	116
Liquid Gas, Gasoline, etc.....	41
Spontaneous combustion.....	24
Incendiarism.....	44

The last annual report of the Fire-Marshal says, in regard to kerosene, etc.: "The loss of life and the number of fires caused by the dangerous compounds sold and used for illuminating purposes, under the names of kerosene, liquid gas, gasoline, patent safety gas, etc., are increasing at a fearful rate. During the year, there were 116 fires caused by kerosene, and 41 by liquid gas, gasoline, etc., making a total



of 157 fires—being 18 per cent. of the aggregate number, and an increase of 70 per cent. from last year. The number of lives lost by these was 17—an increase of 70 per cent. from last year, thus showing that the loss of life increases in exact proportion to the number of fires. In this connection I take the liberty of referring to the able report on 'the Quality of Kerosene Oil sold in the Metropolitan District,' made by Prof. C. H. Chandler, Chemist of the Metropolitan Board of Health, in January, 1869. The total number of samples collected from different dealers in the city by his orders, and tested by him, was 636. Of these, 21 were safe oils; and 615, or upward of 96 per cent. of the total number, dangerous and unsafe. In an article on 'Dangerous Kerosene,' in the *American Chemist* for October last, Prof. Chandler says: 'Liquid gas is the most dangerous oil now in use. It is simply pure naphtha, or benzine, a few per cent. of which, left in kerosene oil, make it unsafe.' And yet we find, in his report, that seven samples of kerosene tested by him 'contained from 2 to 90 per cent. of benzine, gasoline and naphtha.' What punishment is sufficiently severe for the fiend who thus deliberately spreads death and destruction throughout the community, murdering helpless women and children for a difference of five cents a gallon in the cost of dangerous and safe kerosene? I most earnestly hope that our next Legislature will see the importance of prompt and efficient legislation upon this subject, and act upon it at an early day."

We will conclude this subject in our next number.

For us there are three insurmountable objections to annexation:

*First*—Why seek an outpost which, in case of war, is only weakness? Honor and interest would concentrate all our Navy there to protect our flag against foreign attack, and it would be the first point attacked. This expense and danger alone outweighs all the fancied advantage of Samana Bay to us in peace.

*Second*—The shrewdest men in Washington are puzzled now to know how to reach the difficulties in the Gulf States—the angry and rebel element which makes a tool of the fancied conflict of races. If we cannot govern this belt of our own continent, why double our troubles by annexing more of the same angry elements, with a sea between us and them to add to the difficulty?

*Third*—When we annex the eastern half of Santo Domingo, we annex a war with Hayti. There is hardly a shadow of possibility that this can be avoided. What war with Haytian swords and climate means the First Napoleon can tell us. He sent there his brother-in-law with 60,000 men, the flower of his victorious army. Only 7,000 ever saw France again. The same fate and the same August await us. If "Indian Rings" have created and prolonged Indian wars with heartless greed for gold, where would Haytian wars be ever allowed to end, affording, as they would, such matchless opportunities to drill officers and enrich contractors? Why, we could buy two Cubas with the cost of one year of such warfare?

For a year and a half, a large marine force has been kept on the coasts of Hayti and Santo Domingo, under no authority or warrant except the whim, or will of the President of the United States, who has supported a faction in one so-called Republic, and by menaces and threats coerced the action of another State with equal rights to be called sovereign and independent. Besides furnishing transports and mail ships, the nation has paid at the rate of \$150,000 a year toward the support of the faction alluded to, under the shallow pretext of renting the Bay of Samana, where the expenses of coaling are five times as great as at any other port, good or bad, in the whole West Indies, where repairs are impossible, and supplies scarce and costly. An equal exhibition of force at a less cost would have suppressed the scandalous disorders that have existed in the South, and would have secured, in connection with existing provisions, peace and safety on our Indian frontier.

The *London Spectator*, reasoning with the Republican workmen of Birmingham, says: "It is a fact to be pondered by workmen as well as by aristocrats, that the whole expenditure of the United Kingdom upon Royalty, even if we include in that word every kind of allowance a Republic could cut off, is less than a sixth of the money known to be stolen every year by the American Whisky Ring through the connivance of politicians. Monarchy has many evils, but in this country and Germany costliness is not one of them."

"THE New York Association for the Advancement of Science" has recently elected officers, but among the names of fifteen of these, there is not recognized a single man of science. Six are clergymen, three are physicians. Though it is pleasant to see these men anxious to promote the cause of science, a little sprinkling of scientific men would tend to increase the confidence of the public in the discussions of the Society.

CASES have not been unfrequent in our Courts, in which important evidence was excluded, and justice outraged, because the conscientious witness could not and would not accept our form of oath. Hide-bound religionists, who would force everybody to their own

views of things, will find in the following incident a wholesome reproof. A few days ago, two Arabs, belonging to the Circus, appeared in our Police Courts to prefer a complaint against a person who had robbed them. As they approached the desk to testify, the Clerk of the Court inquired:

"What is your religious belief, gentlemen?" "We are Mohammedans." "Are you willing to be sworn upon the Bible, and would you consider such an oath binding?" "Yes, sir," answered the Arabs; "there is only one God; religion makes no difference."

THERE are seventy-three Free Public Libraries in Massachusetts. Their usefulness would be doubled, and idleness and demoralizing amusements greatly diminished, if these establishments were opened on Sunday—which for many people is the only day of leisure in the week.

An intelligent correspondent of a daily paper, writing from Boston, tells us that, "the whole tone of society, in relation to religious affairs, is rapidly changing to apathy. The mass of the people, though they may still attend church, have no religion at all."

THE great railway contractor of England, Brassey, left a fortune of over \$35,000,000, the whole the result of his own industry and enterprise.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"ONCE A WEEK," the Young Lady's Own Journal, will, we imagine, be eagerly looked for "once a week" by every "young lady" who has seen its first two numbers. It is an elegant little publication, and its contents are varied and interesting, embracing capital-written original tales, romances and stories, charming little poems, excellent essays, family matters, recipes, and various other well-considered matter, forming an *ensemble* admirably adapted for families, characterized, as it is, by the best taste and the utmost discrimination in the selection of its *matériel*. The Press has received the young stranger with distinguished courtesy, and in the chorus of "welcome" there has not been a single dissentient voice. We predicate that this pleasant little periodical will soon be a household word in numberless homes throughout the country.

TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AMERICA: Including Accounts of Some Regions Unexplored Since the Conquest. From the French of the CHEVALIER ARTHUR MORELET, by MRS. M. F. SQUIER; with Introduction and Notes by E. GEORGE SQUIER. Map and Illustrations. 8vo., pp. 430. Price \$2. Leypoldt, Holt & Williams, 25 Bond Street, New York.

WHEN Mr. Stephens, thirty years ago, journeyed from Guatemala to Palenque, his eyes rested on a vast unexplored region to the eastward, extending from the lofty table-land of Quesaltenango, on which he stood, all the way to the Bay of Honduras. He was told that in the fastnesses of this great wilderness there still existed the remnants of the people who had built Palenque and the scarcely less imposing structures of Yucatan, who had sought to escape contact with the Spaniards, maintaining a rigorous exclusion, and preserving unchanged their ancient modes of life and their old religion and government. Here the traditions of Guatemala and Chiapas place that great aboriginal city, with its white walls shining like silver in the sun, which the *cure* of Quiché affirmed he had seen with his own eyes from the lofty mountain-peaks of Ocosingo. It was through this region that M. Morelet journeyed, and the book before us relates his adventures and discoveries.

Our author embarking at Campechy in Yucatan, went thence to the Lake of Zerineros, ascended the great river Usumasinta, past the dye-wood establishments of Tobasco, until he reached the region of the unconquered Lacandones, supposed to be the direct descendants of the builders of Palenque, visited these celebrated ruins, and then journeyed through the unbroken forest eastward to the mysterious Lake of Itza, of which he made a thorough exploration. Thence he traveled, through the wastes of marsh and mountain, across rivers and through thick forests, to Guatemala. The whole account is vivid and picturesque, entertaining and instructive, and the pleasant, clear, crisp style of the author is wonderfully preserved in the translation, which is largely reinforced by notes and illustrations. The world affords no region richer in natural productions, more luxuriant or more striking in its aspects, than that traversed by M. Morelet, who is a close observer, and an accomplished scientific man, capable of conveying to the eye and intelligence of the reader a clear and indelible picture of the vast and hitherto unexplored regions of Central America. These regions face us on the other side of the Gulf of Mexico, and must soon come within the sphere of American enterprise—a consummation which this book cannot fail to hasten if not precipitate. The adventurous traveler and explorer, the archaeologist and naturalist, as well as the statesman, will find ample instruction, food for thought, and keen stimulus, in this compact, well-printed, and in every way readable and valuable work.

We hardly know how to make our extracts, for every page seems to be as interesting as that preceding it, and we are fain, therefore, to quote one or two paragraphs almost at random.

M. Morelet describes Campechy, the principal city of Yucatan, as having been favored by Nature with a position "unsurpassed in riant beauty by that of any other city of tropical America. Nothing can be more charming than its environs, where a population of ten thousand souls are dispersed beneath the shadows of a magnificent vegetation, which extends from the shore, studded with palms, back to the amphitheatre of green hills which circles round the inland horizon."

M. Morelet found a "passable *posada* or inn in the place, but on the first day," he says, "my suspicions were aroused as to the nature of a certain dish which occupied a conspicuous place on the table, and which the cook said was the flesh of the *cazon*. Further than this, he was not inclined to be communicative. The same afternoon, however, as I strolled along the beach, I observed a fisherman towing behind his boat some variety of sea monster which I almost instinctively connected with the suspicious dish at the inn. 'Pray tell me,' I inquired, 'what fishes are those?' The man looked up in astonishment, and when I reiterated the question, replied, 'Why, don't you see that

they are *cazones*?' 'Hold, my friend,' I interrupted, 'your *cazones* are sharks!' But my fisherman was in no degree surprised at the announcement; he only shrugged his shoulders, ejaculated '*como no*?'—why not?—and went on with his work. I was not long in finding out that sharks of all kinds and colors constitute a prime article of food in Campechy, where they are eaten fresh and salt, roast, fried, and stewed, in all forms and on all occasions. And to avoid exciting alarm or shocking a prejudice which strangers may have in regard to them, the word *Uburon*, which is the true Spanish for shark, has been banished from the gastronomic vocabulary of the good people of Campechy."

#### ON THE USUMASINTA.

M. Morelet ascended the Usumasinta in a canoe, with no companions except his servant, Morin, and a few Indians—ascended from the lagoons and numberless creeks of its delta; he says:

"Vegetation assumes a more and more interesting appearance as one advances toward the interior. Great willows with trailing branches, gigantic bamboos, beautiful *cyperaceæ* or sedges, resembling the papyrus, aquatic palm trees with their slender stems, the *cecropia* with its immense leaves—all unite in ornamenting both banks of the river. Besides these, masses of verdure, spangled with bunches of violet flowers, prodigious white tree-trunks, and vines slender and delicate as the rigging of a ship, continually present themselves to the eye. I observed, among other beautiful trees, the *jahuacte* palm, with its graceful branches bending over the water. Its fruit is acidulous, and of the shape and size of an acorn. It is much sought for by children, and is not without its appeal to the traveler. A great variety of birds enjoy their existence in peace in these solitudes. Among them is the ibis with its brilliant plumage, the *aramis* with its ringing voice, and the blue porphyrio, called by the inhabitants *gallo de Montezuma* (Montezuma's chicken). The king-fisher, with its ringed neck, is also found here, of much larger size than with us. It flutters continually over the water, while the falcon, uttering piercing shrieks, plunges suddenly into the river, rises perpendicularly with its prey, and then whirls itself upward high in the air, until almost lost to the view. In contrast with these pleasant sights, we fancied that we discerned numerous alligators motionlessly watching us from the shores of the little coves of the river—but then it was almost impossible to distinguish these amphibious monsters from the uprooted trunks of trees, which the river had covered with its slimy sediment. Reposing on the deck, wrapped in my cloak, I enjoyed with rapture a view truly enchanting from its novelty, and sufficiently exciting to make up for the lack of associations. During the whole of my journey, these pleasurable emotions continued; my interest and curiosity were constantly excited, for I was traveling toward the Unexplored and Unknown; and, always excepting the Unexplored and Unknown, my first view of the New World. I must say that the scenes on the Usumasinta, by their melancholy grandeur and primitive poetry, have left the most profound and lasting impressions on my mind."

In sailing on the Usumasinta, boats avoid the banks, which teem with serpents and venomous insects—among the former the deadly *nahuyaca*. Against the poison of its bite there is no remedy; in a few hours the strongest man becomes a corpse. The excitement of the nervous system at first induced is followed by complete prostration; blood oozes from every pore, and life ebbs away with frightful rapidity.

M. Morelet tells a curious story of the destruction of the *caymans* or alligators of this river, by a kind of fresh-water turtle called *hicoles*. The shell of the latter is proof against the crushing force of the *cayman's* jaws, and in consequence he is swallowed alive. But his testaceous covering is equally proof against the *cayman's* digestive powers, while his tenacity of life is so great that he is able to interfere seriously with the monster's internal arrangements—so seriously, indeed, that the *cayman* soon pays the penalty of his greediness by death. M. Morelet affirms that he often examined the bodies of defunct *caymans*, and invariably found a living *hicoles* in their stomachs.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

England.—The Queen Opening Parliament—Shipping Stores for the Relief of Paris, at London.

The House of Lords, though probably the most richly decorated chamber in the world, is only about one hundred feet long by forty-five wide. The ceremony of opening Parliament is always one of interest to the English, and yet but few ever have an opportunity of witnessing it. This year the Queen was accompanied by the Princesses Louise and Beatrice. She wore a black velvet dress, the Ribbon of the Garter, and a Marie Stuart cap. The state robes were arranged by the Princess Louise over the back of the royal throne, so as to show the crimson velvet. The Lord Chancellor stands at her Majesty's right, reading the message. Many remember the clear, musical tones in which the Queen formerly delivered her royal speeches; but since the death of her husband, the Prince Consort, she has delegated the power to the Lord Chancellor. The chair that Prince Albert used to occupy, is always vacant on these occasions.

Vigorous efforts are being made in London and throughout the United Kingdom to afford aid to Paris in her present distressed condition. Quite a squadron of vessels have been laden with provisions of all kinds and sent forward. The *North American* took twelve hundred tons of flour; another vessel, six hundred tons of biscuit; a third, twelve hundred bags of spring wheat; while a train of fifty-five cars reached Paris, marked "Gifts from the City of London to the City of Paris." The dispatch of provisions has caused great excitement at the railway termini and docks of London. Our engraving represents the loading of the Swedish vessel, *Bergsund*, in the Millwall Dock, with preserved meats and biscuit.

France.—Surrendering the Keys of Mont Valérien—Moltke and St. Valérie—Prussian Barricade on the Ruell Road—The French Seeking Food in the Prussian Lines at Sevres Ferry—The Wounded Breton Returned Home.

As soon as intelligence was conveyed to the German headquarters that the French forces at Mont Valérien were willing to surrender, the victorious commander sent a strong force to take possession of the fortress. Having entered the stronghold, a French officer went round the works with the German commander, showing him all the magazines of stores and barracks, and when upon the Place d'Armes, delivering to him the keys of all the doors. It is said that but three Frenchmen witnessed the entry of the German troops.

A day or two after the surrender, the Emperor, Crown-Prince, Bismarck and Von Moltke, visited the fortress, and examined the guns with much interest. The big gun—the one that threw a shell nearly into the Pavilion St. Germain—was the chief attraction. It stood on higher ground than its two monstrous companions, and was chalked on the breach, 'St. Valérie.' Von Moltke separated from the Emperor's

party, and, approaching the huge cannon, stepped upon the carriage, glanced up the bore, and then turned away, with a characteristic stolidity of manner.

The villages of Ruell and Bongival, west of Mont Valérien, were, after the occupation of the fortress by the Germans, filled with a crowd of poor French people, eagerly beseeching the sentinels to allow them to pass the barricades to return to their families. They had fled into Paris when the bombardment commenced in earnest, and were then anxious to see how their homes had fared. In many instances the natural anxiety was increased by the knowledge of sickness at home, or the fact of long separation; but as strict orders had been issued that no one should be permitted to pass, all the sentinels could do was to beg the poor people to have patience a few days longer.

A still more painful exhibition of distress was afforded by the starving French who came within the German lines to beg for bread during the first two days of the armistice. The largest crowds congregated at the Sevres Ferry with baskets, bags and other receptacles, and were carried over the river after showing their permits.

The first wounded French soldier to arrive at his home in Le Mans, Brittany, has scarcely alighted when he is surrounded by an eager group of friends, whose anxiety to hear how their cause has progressed on the field is restrained only by the sight of the bandage about his head. With all his weakness, the appearance of so many of his former friends partially straightens the battle-scarred veteran, and while the auditors hardly dare breathe for fear of losing some important word, he tells them of his regiment, officers, exposure, misfortune, and opinion of the future. Many such groups were seen during our own fearful war, and we can all appreciate the emotions of the little congregation.

#### Inside Paris.—The Theatre Français.

The leading theatres and public buildings in Paris were turned into hospitals at an early date of the siege, and in them many scenes, strangely opposed to those for which they were constructed, were witnessed. In the background of the Theatre Français is seen a statue of Voltaire, supported by two busts of dramatic authors on pedestals; to the right is the screened door of the gallery, filled with a valuable collection of statuary. The cloth stretched behind the row of beds displays alternately the red cross of the field-hospital service, and a placard bearing the written name of the soldier laid in each bed. Nuns, Sisters of Charity, and convalescing soldiers, fill up the centre of the sad picture.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. AND MRS. DANIEL E. BANDMAN sailed from Australia, in December, for San Francisco.

A new piece called "La Georgienne" is soon to be brought out at the Grand Opera House, New York.

At the Olympic, Theatre Fox's "Richelieu" succeeded by a new play, entitled "Horizon," in a short time.

MOSENBATH, who wrote "Leah," has had a new drama called "Maryna" brought out at the Burg Theatre in Vienna.

THE King of Bavaria has proscribed the comic operas of Offenbach, and they can now no longer be given in Munich.

MERCADANTE has left an uncompleted opera called "L'Arfano di Brono." He had only reached the finale of the second act.

MISS GLYN read selections from "King John," at the Union League Theatre, New York, on the afternoon of March 24.

THE Choral Union, of Brooklyn, gave a concert at the Academy of Music on the 24, with Miss Kellogg as the leading soloist.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH's charming representations of the Lord Cardinal Richelieu were brought to a close at his theatre on the 4th.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI has played as *Desdemona* at St. Petersburg, with immense success. The city is once more crazy on the subject of her singing.

MINNIE HAUCK has been re-engaged at the Imperial Opera of Venice for two years. She is extremely successful in St. Petersburg as well as in Vienna.

THE "Black Crook," with all its scenery and attractions, is to be transplanted from Niblo's Theatre to Philadelphia, the inaugural exhibition taking place April 17th.

MISS LAURA KEENE concluded her engagement at Lina Edwin's Theatre, New York, March 4th, and on the 6th William H. Lingard made his first appearance of the season.

MRS. VAN ZANDT, who has been singing in Europe for several years past, under the stage name of Vanzini, will return to America with Parepa-Rosa about the 1st of October.

ULLMAN is expected to give concerts in Vienna in the month of March, with ten principal artists, instead of the four who have hitherto characterized the Carlotta Patti concerts.

MR. WEHLI gave his third piano recital at Booth's Theatre, New York, on Thursday afternoon, March 24. He was assisted by Misses Elder and Thompson, and by Signor Randolf.

MERCADANTE's place at the head of the Naples Conservatorio will, it is believed, be occupied by Verdi; falling his acceptance of the post, Petrella, a well-known composer, is spoken of.

On Tuesday evening, February 28th, "The Huguenots" was sung at the Stadt Theatre, New York, by Mme. Lichtmay, Messrs. Bernhard, Vierling, Habelmann and Formes, and the company which lately closed a successful season at that house.

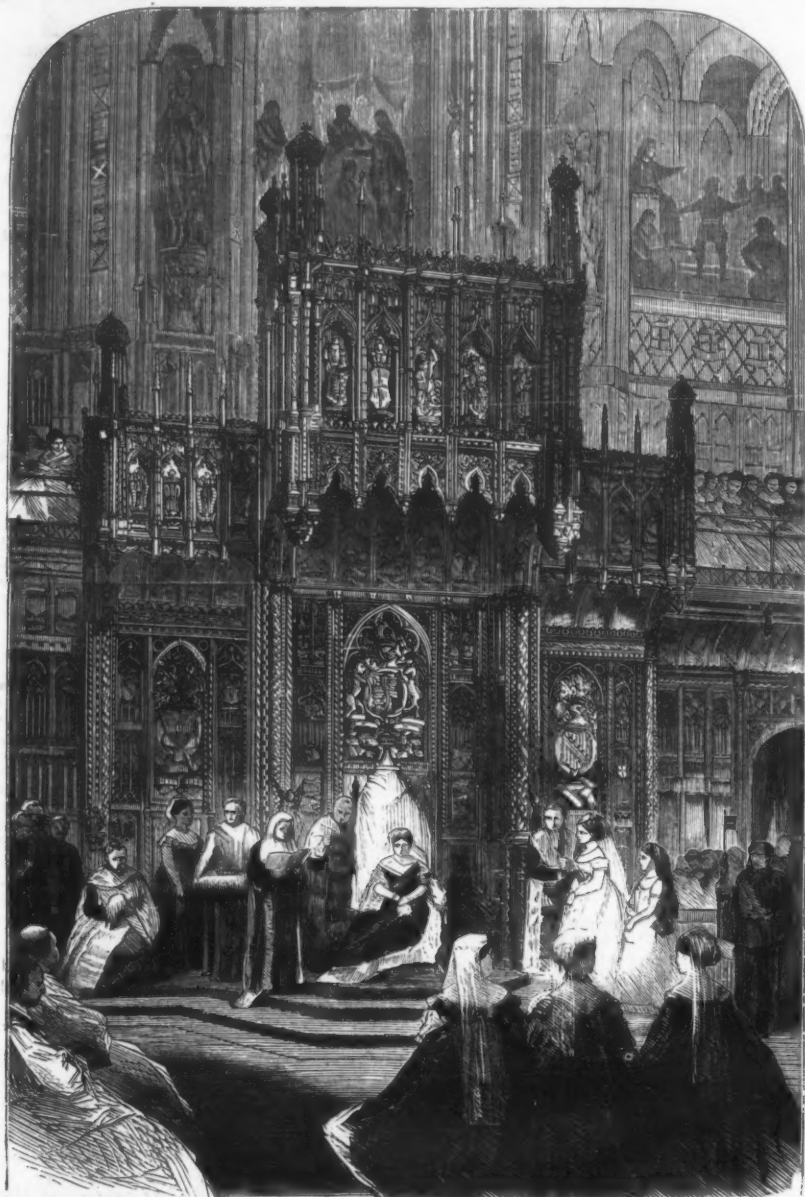
In "Monte Cristo," now running at Wood's Museum, Mr. Eddy, the star, plays the characters of *Dantes*, the *Abbe Busoni*, a Smuggler, an English Traveler, and *Sinbad the Sailor*. The piece is mounted with good taste, and much new scenery has been prepared for it.

MILLE RAABE, the new German actress, who has attracted so much attention and won so much fame on the continent of Europe, is, we understand, coming to America. She will act at Berlin in March, and at St. Petersburg in May. After that she will proceed to London, and then she will come to this country.

THE New York Arion Society gave a testimonial concert on the 27th ult., at Steinway Hall, to Miss Ida Rosenburgh, a favorite young vocalist, who goes abroad to complete her musical education. Miss Rosenburgh was assisted by Madame Clara Per, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. Remmert, Mr. Haman, Mr. Werner, and several other artists. One of the curiosities of the programme was a Serenade, by Schwenke, for five violoncellos, double bass, and tympani. It was a pretty and graceful composition, and secured for the principal performers a recall, when they substituted Lachner's Serenade for four violoncellos.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



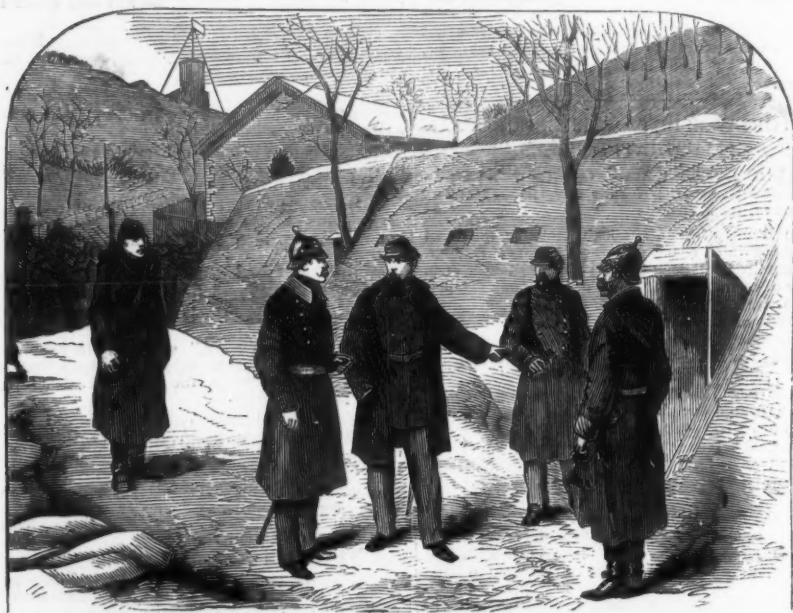
LONDON.—SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—READING THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.



FRANCE.—PRUSSIAN BARRICADE ON THE RUEIL ROAD—FRENCH PEASANTS WAITING TO PASS TO THEIR VILLAGES.



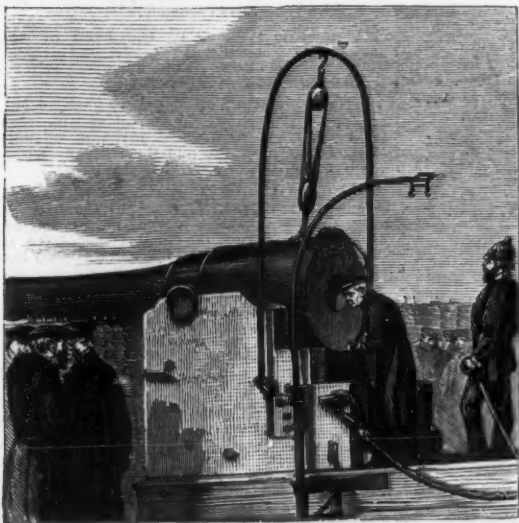
SIEGE OF PARIS.—AMBULANCE IN THE FOYER OF THE THEATRE FRANÇAIS.



SIEGE OF PARIS.—DELIVERY OF THE KEYS IN THE FORTRESS OF MONT VALÉRIEN.



LONDON.—RE-VICTUALING OF PARIS—LOADING THE "BERGSUND" WITH PROVISIONS IN THE MILLWALL DOCK, LONDON.



SIEGE OF PARIS.—MIND AND MATTER—MOLTKE'S BRAIN TETE-A-TETE WITH THE BIG GUN ON MONT VALÉRIEN.



SIEGE OF PARIS.—THE FRENCH POOR COMING INTO THE PRUSSIAN LINES FOR BREAD, AT THE FERRY OF SEVRES.

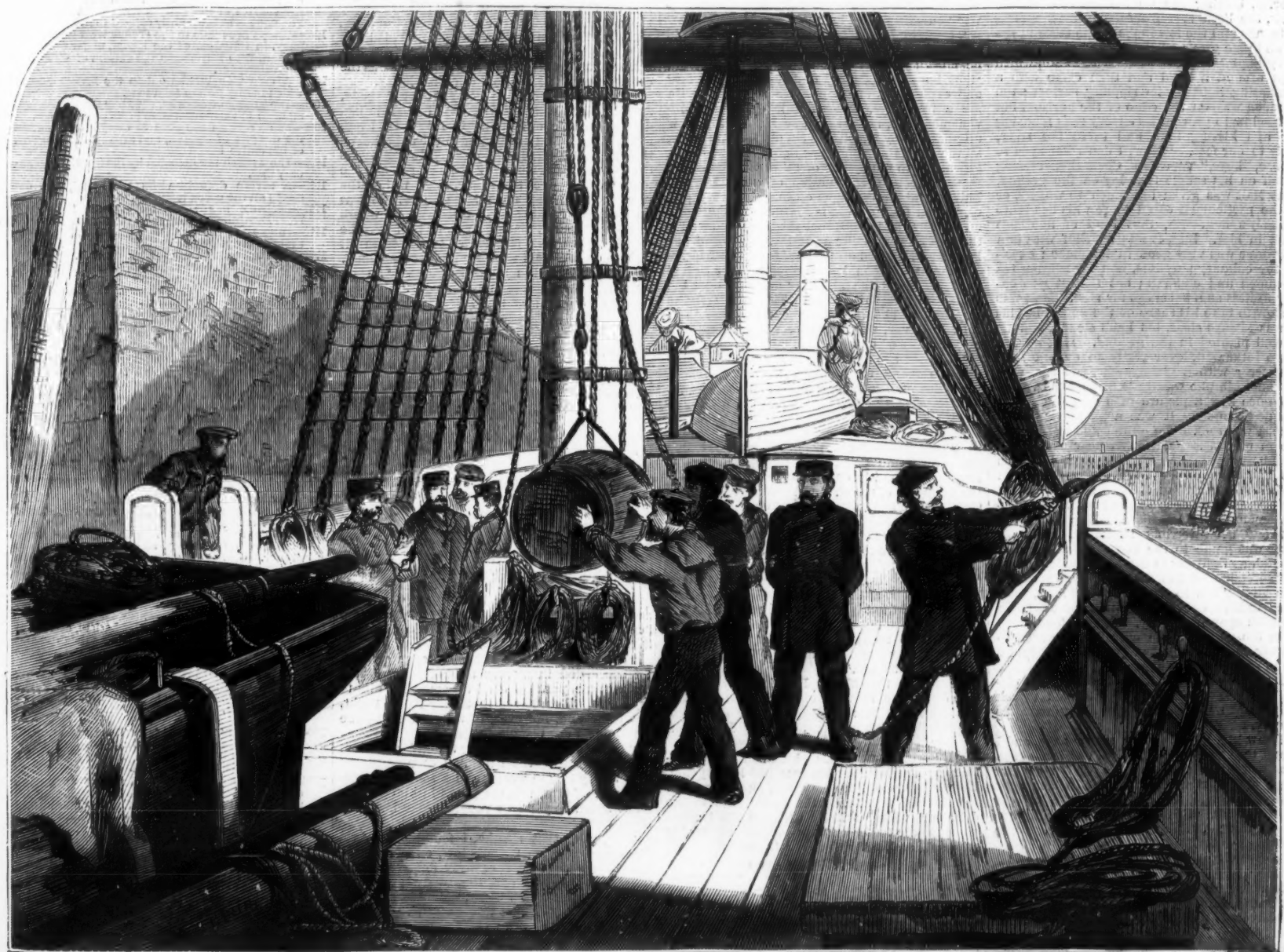


FRANCE.—A WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIER RETURNING TO HIS HOME IN A COUNTRY TOWN.





THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.—PROF. BLAKE AND PARTY STARTING ON THEIR TRIP FROM SANTO DOMINGO TO PUERTO PLATA, FEBRUARY 10TH.—THE EXCURSIONISTS TAKING LEAVE OF THE COMMISSIONERS AT THE HEADQUARTERS IN SANTO DOMINGO CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 11.



NEW YORK CITY.—RELIEF FOR FRANCE.—THE U. S. STORESHIP "SUPPLY" LOADING WITH FLOUR AT THE NAVY YARD, FOR THE REVICTUALING OF FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 11.



## A DIRGE.

"In memoriam  
cari capias."

I.  
WHISPERING trees above thy head  
Murmur of the coming Spring,  
And above the quiet dead  
The mourning Flow'rets requiem sing,  
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!  
The Faery voices echoing ring.

II.  
The stars of night in pity shine,  
While loving wreaths of eglantine  
Their dewy tears of mourning shed  
Above the turf that wraps thy head.  
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!  
The heather bells sad music chime.

III.  
O Angel, from thy blissful seat,  
With pure, calm pity look on me,  
Thus prostrate, lying at thy feet,  
And draw me nearer, nearer thee,  
With lullaby, sweet lullaby!  
Charm my poor aching heart to sleep.

IV.  
And thus, when Life's stern battle's o'er,  
And nigher gleams the tideless shore,  
How sweet to hear amid Death's knell,  
Thy dear voice, clear as silvern bell,  
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!  
Come rest with me for evermore.

## FIGHTING BEARS.

## A CLEAR CASE OF INGRATITUDE.

"MALT KEARNEY," remarked Cochrane, as he stooped and lighted his pipe at the camp-fire, "was what I call a true Californian. He was none of your new-fangled emigrants, who couldn't see the beauty of the country until they were told there were heaps of gold lying loose in the gulches, and that all they had to do was to pick the slugs up and return to the States with them, and set up as silk-stocking people. No, sir; Malt despised all such. He crossed the prairies in the year nineteen, and he squatted on a rancho in Napa Valley, like a respectable gentleman and Christian as he was, hired Mission Indians to attend to his stock, and then turned his attention to bear-raising up among the Sand Hills and through the Contra Costa range.

"You see from that, Malt, who was a short, stout, black-eyed and dark-haired man, was full of courage and endurance.

"There—outside of his nice home in Napa—were two things Malt Kearney dearly loved. These were, whisky and grizzly. Now, I don't want you to suppose, boys," and Cochrane looked deliberately around the circle, composed for the most part of traders, hunters, trappers and guides, some of whom were standing, and others lying in various attitudes about the cheerful, blazing fire on the banks of Cache Creek, the light therefrom flickering in among the trunks and the low limbs of the trees in the oak and pine grove adjoining, and giving indistinct glimpses of the flowing Sacramento, which swept around a bend and then came with a shimmering light on its rippling surface; the old moon was on the edge of the horizon, but not too low to prevent its silvery rays reaching over and kissing here and there the river, nearly to our feet. "Now, I don't want you to suppose, boys," repeated Cochrane, seating himself on his saddle that lay on the ground, "that Malt was given too much to whisky, or that he particularly cared to run his head into a grizzly's den. No, that kind of nonsense wasn't in him. Still, it was a belief with him that water was very good in its place; excellent for culinary purposes, and for making tea for women and children; but that it was entirely useless as a beverage for men. Malt was not slow to take his share of the liquid, but his eye was always clear, his hand steady, and his feet well planted in the ground. Malt was, as I have intimated, ever ready to engage in a controversy with a grizzly—for, you see, with all of bear kind he was quite disputatious.

"I once saw a picture of a man and a bear in a death-tussle. It was a photograph of a statue, I was told. The hunter and the animal were in mortal strife, and, as near as I could judge, both were dying from the fearful wounds each had received from the other. The man was in the embrace of the bear, which had its long claws buried deep in the flesh of his right shoulder and his left flank. Elsewhere, the back had been terribly lacerated. But the hunter was game to the last. He still held in his hand, as firmly as in life—for I judged from the expression of the face that there wasn't much vitality left in the body—his long, thin-bladed knife. With this he had done terrible execution upon his enemy. From a long, deep cut in the abdomen the entrails were seen to fall over one of the limbs of its antagonist, and trail in great bunches along the ground.

"I shuddered when I first looked at the picture, and for the moment persuaded myself that the man it was intended to represent was Kearney.

"I saw him in just such a scrape once, and I haven't the slightest doubt that, had it not been for a ball fired from the rifle of old Captain Bragg, at the right moment, and which went crashing through the skull over the left ear into the brain of the beast, he would have come to just such an end as the picture gave to the dying hunter.

"You see, it was thus wise, gentlemen: One morning, just before day, Malt Kearney, Captain Bragg, Jim Scott and two other Napa men, came dashing up to my door over there, just above the Salmon bend—there are only the ruins of the old adobe there now—and Kearney, having dismounted, commenced hammering away at the door.

"Of course I couldn't sleep comfortably with

such a racket in my ears, and, getting on my feet and striking a light, I went to the entrance, and demanded what was wanted, and who the man was that was kicking up such a row?

"Come, doctor," said a jolly voice. (I knew whose it was the moment the first note was sounded.) "Come, get up! we're mighty dry! There's a report of grizzly in the bushes over in the Sand Hills, somewhat in a line with the Lone Tree!"

"I opened the shutter to the window, and passed out a bottle filled with genuine old red-eye, warranted not to have a headache in a keg of it. I had had a few gallons of it sent up to me from Sutter's trading-post a few days before. I told them, as the morning had not yet warmed up, to amuse themselves with the liquid until I had fixed myself for their reception.

"I'm slow at my toilet. It generally takes an hour of my time, when I am about to receive company, to 'fix up' so as to look presentable, including shaving, hairdressing and putting on my hunting-shirt and leggings.

"I was not surprised, therefore, when I had closed my tonsorial operations, to hear the signal at my door repeated, with a request to hurry up and replenish. It was very evident these early visitors of mine were thirsty. Indeed, eighty miles of a ride after sun-down is very apt to subtract the moisture from one's throat, and so I passed out another bottle of the pleasant beverage.

"I rather think the second quart of whisky removed the thirst from my early visitors. At least they made no further demand on my hospitality at that moment.

"By the time the bottle was disposed of, my toilet was completed, a good fire burning on the hearth, and the house in order.

"Come in, boys," I said, in my pleasantest mood. "Come in and rest yourselves, while I get you some breakfast. What shall it be? Fried pork, venison and biscuit, potatoes and coffee; or, in place of the last-named, whisky?"

"Of course, my guests did not desire to put me, so they declared, to the trouble of preparing coffee, and unanimously chose the red-eye.

"I had the morning meal prepared in a few minutes. At that time I had in my service—an unusual thing—a very neat cook in the form of an Indian woman from the Klamath country. This woman prepared the meal admirably, and my friends were so greatly pleased with her, that one of them subsequently stole her from me and made her his wife. Of that presently.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, when the meal was concluded, and each man had successfully placed against the lining of his stomach at least a quart of the potent distillation, "I am quite ready to accompany you. The bears, you say, are beyond the Lone Tree?"

"That is what I've been given to understand," answered Kearney, as he rose to his feet and shook the red-eye well into the absorbing vessels. "That's what I've been given to understand, and I'm for goin' after them, Cochrane. Of course I knew you wouldn't care to be counted out in a scrape like the one we're goin' into, and so we rode over here to invite you—that's just it."

"Captain Bragg 'allowed' they couldn't do without me, 'I knew the country so well,' and he must say, as he glanced at my demijohn, 'that he had certainly enjoyed himself so far,' and even went on to propose remaining with me a few days, that is, if it didn't 'inconvenience' me, and 'that war bar left to follow up sharp'—by which the sly old scamp meant, all the time, the insipid liquid that had been forwarded to me by one of Sutter's Indians.

"Seeing to the condition of our rifles and knives, and finding them quite satisfactory, and each man taking from my larder and demijohn all the food and drink that might be needed for the next twenty-four hours, we mounted our horses and pushed directly for the Sand Hills.

"Had the moon been at the full, we should have preferred the night for our hunt—the grizzly is quite nocturnal. Then the sport is exciting, if not absolutely dangerous. As it was, however, we had quite as much amusement as any of us cared for.

"We had not been long in the Sand Hills before we found the tracks of grizzly. These we followed for several miles, and it was not until late in the day that we came to a somewhat abrupt hill, on the western side of which is a gulch quite deep and narrow, and the walls to which are all but perpendicular. In this gulch we could perceive a large collection of low bushes; and in one place, in an open space, the diameter of which could not have been less than twelve feet, was a bear's den. We could see it very plainly. In it were three cubs. The old bears were not present; they had doubtless gone on a marauding expedition.

"I'd like to get those fellows," said Kearney to me, as he looked, with no little excitement in his manner, at the litter.

"It might not be healthy," I replied. "The old people are not at home just now, it is true; but there is no saying when they will be, and my advice to you is to make a finish of them from where we are."

"I raised my rifle as I spoke, and I would certainly have covered one of the three, had not Kearney cried:

"Don't! One moment, doctor! Here, hold my rifle."

"I lowered my gun, and turned to get further explanation; but Kearney had left my side. His weapon was lying near me, on the ground.

"He had discovered the bears' path to the den, and, with his knife between his teeth—placed there for instant use—he moved quickly down it, and, before one could count twenty, was pushing boldly through the bushes to the nest.

"You oughtn't to hev let him go thar," remarked Captain Bragg. "It air mighty dangerous a skrimmagin' in sech places. Supposin' the old critturs should come upon him onexposedly?"

"I explained, in a few words, the conduct of Kearney. I could do no more.

"While we were talking, we all watched his movements, hoping for the best.

"He was now in the nest, and in the act of lifting one of the cubs in his arms, when there came up from the gulch a deep—a terrible roar.

"All heard the alarm, and knew how near to danger the adventurous man was. But what could we do? Look on, and see a fellow-being, a friend, torn into shreds by the sharp claws of an angry wild beast?

"Kearney, we could see, was quite undecided. He raised the cub twice or thrice, and then dropped it. We called to him, but he did not or would not listen to us. Once he ran half-way back to the path by which he had descended into the gulch, and then stopped and wheeled again facing the nest. His desire to possess the young bruin overcame his sense of danger. He returned to the open space, and, for the third time, lifting the cub, was about to push up the almost declivitous side, when a large she-brute, from some dark recess, instantly appeared between him and the way of escape.

"He dropped his prize as if it were a bar of iron suddenly heated to a cherry-red, and stood near the monster, now holding his knife firmly in his right hand.

"Can you shoot her, either of you?" he cried, but without turning his face away from his enemy.

"She's too much under the bank," returned Bragg. "Draw her out, if ye can."

"The grizzly had placed itself on its hind-legs, and was about to attack Kearney, when the latter, in obedience to the captain, sprang back into the heart of the den. The bear followed. Its movements were even quicker than were those of our friend. Throwing out its fore-legs, it succeeded in clasping its body that of Kearney. Its paws were one over his shoulder and the other around his waist; but, before he could be seriously damaged, he succeeded in driving his knife into the lower part of the abdomen of the beast. The knife went far into the body, but the wound was not mortal.

"Kearney again succeeded in disengaging himself from the embrace of the bear, by slipping between its limbs to the ground. But the enemy, irritated by the wound, fell upon and nearly crushed by the weight of its body that of the unfortunate man.

"I'm afeard to fire," repeatedly cried Bragg, bringing his rifle to his shoulder and then dropping it again. "Lord, ef that bar'd only keep quiet a minute I'd soon fix his fur for him. But, I dasn't now. I'd jist as likely strike Kearney as the bar if I dared to fire."

"The bear, it was now evident, would soon get the mastery over Kearney. Once or twice the knife went home to the haft in the brute's body, but the wounds were none of them so serious as to give us any hope of victory.

"The brute each time roared terrifically, filling the gulch with his voice, as he felt the knife-blade. At last, by a stroke of one of its powerful paws, it broke the arm of its enemy, sending the knife whirling, like an arrow shot from a bow, far into the bush. Then it struck him on the breast, tearing away from the body the coverings that were its only protection, and, with another blow and a terrific roar, it lifted from the ground and hurled against the embankment that which we now believed was the corpse of our friend—so motionless it lay.

"The brute stood for a moment over the body, smelling it. It seemed satisfied that it had driven the life out of it. It raised its head, again roared, and advancing to the cubs, licked the one that Kearney had essayed to steal. Its cry now was answered by another grizzly, the mate of the one before us, and which the next moment was upon the ground. It was an enormous animal. It ran over to where Kearney lay, and, placing a paw on his back—he was lying with his face buried in the earth—it also essayed to find whether life yet remained.

"Hang them!" muttered Bragg. "I can't stand this yer nonsense much longer."

"The animal that had come last, raised its head, and, noticing our presence, gave a quick, angry cry, that brought to its side the one which Kearney had so repeatedly wounded, and which, although it was losing much blood, had as yet given no evidence of corresponding weakness.

"This movement of the animal was fatal to its further existence. Instantly the old hunter covered the eye of the creature with his rifle, and, before it could change its position, drove a bullet through the socket into the skull—deep into the brain. Death was instantaneous. I almost at the same moment succeeded in sending a ball into the heart of the mother of the cubs.

"A quiver—a shudder—seemed to convulse the body of the brute. A moment later it lay by the side of the male bruin—and as lifeless.

"We descended to the bed of the gulch, and raising Kearney from the earth, found to our great joy that, save the breaking of the right arm and the stripping, but not deeply, of some flesh from the breast, he had suffered no injury that time could not repair.

"Lifting him up to the more open ground, we succeeded in placing the broken limb in a comfortable position until we could get him to my adobe. We arrived there late in the night, not forgetting, however, to take the cubs—the cause of all our trouble—with us.

"I succeeded in reducing the inflammation, and in resetting the bones. I then entrusted him to my Indian woman, who took such tender care of him, that it excited in him a sentiment which in younger people would be called love.

"However that may be, I found on my return one day from Sutter's fort, on the American River, my house entirely deserted. Not only were Kearney and the squaw gone, but the cubs, and all my whisky.

"On my table there was a scrawl. It was a note written on brown wrapping-paper with the point of a charred stick. It was as follows:

"Cochrane, I owe you my life. You're a friend to me. To repay your kindness, doctor,

I've stolen from you the Indian woman, the bears and all your red-eye. Come over to Napa. I ain't half so much of a scoundrel as you now believe!"

"I smiled at the message I had received; and, that there might be no further trouble, I fired the rancho, and have never looked on the ruins since."

## HAYTI AND SANTO DOMINGO.

## CHRONOLOGICAL EPITOME.

As the matter of the annexation of Dominica, involving, and intended to involve, the absorption also of Hayti, is the question of the day, we present the following data, which may prove of value "to all interested"—the bibliography, especially, to the Commissioners who have been sent to spy out the land. They will discover that people able to take notes, and print them withal, have been there before themselves:

- 1492—December 5th, St. Nicholas's Day, Columbus lands in Hayti, at Mole St. Nicholas, on the north-west end of the island. The first settlement of Santo Domingo by civilized men is made at the place, since called the Bay of Caracas.
- 1494—The City of Santo Domingo is founded. It was first called *Isabel*, and was built on the left bank of the Ozama River. It was destroyed by a hurricane in 1504, after which Ovando had it rebuilt on the right bank of the same river.
- 1495—The natives, headed by Caonabo, rebel against the Spaniards; one hundred thousand are slain in the plain of Vega, by the army of Columbus.
- 1499—A general pacification of the colony takes place at the end of August.
- 1500—Bovadilla is dispatched from Hispaniola with high authority, in the summer, and within a month lodges Don Diego Columbus, Governor of Santo Domingo, in prison, and takes possession of the city.
- 1502—Nicholas de Ovando succeeds Bovadilla, and brings an immense fleet to the island in the spring.
- 1503—To reduce more territory to the power of Spain, Ovando invades the province of Xaragua, and, after receiving the hospitalities of the female Cacique and her subjects, captures or burns all the natives in their huts. A small number of negroes are imported from Africa as laborers.
- 1505—Columbus dies at Valladolid, in Spain.
- 1506—Sugar cane is brought from the Canaries to Hayti. It is indigenous to the East Indies.
- 1507—Out of 3,000,000 natives at the time of the discovery of the island, only 60,000 remain; their place is supplied by African slaves.
- 1511—Diego Columbus sends an expedition under Diego Velasquez, to conquer the island of Cuba. The effort is successful; Cuba is annexed to Spain, and Velasquez appointed Governor.
- 1522—The first negro revolution takes place, November 27th.
- 1540—Don Louis Columbus, son of Diego, is appointed Admiral of the Indies, and sails from Spain, whither he accompanied his mother, after his father's death, with full authority as Captain-General of the island.
- 1562—The first regular shipment of Africans as slaves is made at Guinea, in the summer, by John Hawkins, who sells three hundred at Santo Domingo, Puerto Plata and Monte Cristo.
- 1584—The City of Santo Domingo is pillaged and burnt by the English, under Sir Francis Drake.
- 1592—Drake takes Azua, burning it, in April.
- 1640—A band of English and French pirates settle on Tortuga Island. They were first called *buccanniers*, and afterward, *flibusters*.
- 1652—The Chevalier Fontenay is ordered to bring the colonies of Tortuga and Santo Domingo under the control of the French West India Company. Fontenay is subsequently obliged to flee to France.
- 1665—Grants are made to the French West India Company, in the west of the island, under Governor Ogeron, who introduces the culture of cacao, the following year.
- 1670—A civil war breaks out in the French colony, which nearly proves fatal to it.
- 1687—The Treaty of Ryswick confirms the French and Spanish in their respective parts of the island.
- 1680—The French determine to carry into execution the designs of Ogeron, and attempt the conquest of the entire island.
- 1691—The French are defeated by the Spaniards, January 21st.
- 1715—A severe drought visits the island, and destroys all the cocoa-trees.
- 1727—Declieux has some coffee-plants introduced from Martinique; they flourish and spread.
- 1770—June 10th, the town of Port au Prince is entirely destroyed by an earthquake.
- 1774—During the brief administration of M. d'Ennery, the agriculture of the plantations is urged forward to the greatest degree of wealth.
- 1776—By treaty, the line between the French and Spanish portion of the island is fixed.
- 1777—By a treaty, runaway slaves are to be returned to their owners, and the natives paid \$12 for each slave caught.
- 1789—The first French revolution breaks out, and colonial deputies are admitted to the National Assembly on the 17th of June.
- 1790—A colonial Legislature convenes at St. Marc. Jacques Ogé, a mulatto, comes from France and raises a revolutionary army.
- 1791—On the 23d of August another Legislature convenes at the Cape, demanding rights.
- 1792—France abolishes slavery in all her colonies; Port Dauphin taken possession of by the Spaniards, and French Cape burnt. On the 19th of September the English occupy Jérémie, the Mole, St. Marc and Léogane.
- 1794—The English enter Port au Prince.
- 1795—By the treaty of Basle, the Spanish portion of Santo Domingo is ceded to France.
- 1798—Hedouville lands at French Cape, and sends Toussaint L'Ouverture, an emancipated slave, to France. On the 8th of May, the English leave the island, and civil war begins between Toussaint L'Ouverture and Rigaud.
- 1801—Toussaint L'Ouverture takes the Spanish portion of the island, and assumes the title of Governor-General for life.
- 1802—The French squadron, under Leclerc, arrives at Port au Prince in February; takes the Cape and burns the town, Dessalines opposing. A truce concluded May 1st.
- 1803—In April, L'Ouverture dies in France, having been taken prisoner during the truce. The French are driven into Cape Haytien, where, November 30th, they surrender to English commanders.
- 1804—1st of January, Hayti is declared independent, and Dessalines made Governor-General for life. October 8th he is crowned Emperor, with the title of James I. (Jacques Ier).
- 1805—A proclamation of Dessalines, of April 28th, orders the massacre of all French residents, and the order is at once put in force. Those spared are subsequently assembled on the Place d'Armes to receive certificates of protection, and the little remnant of survivors are then shot.
- 1806—Dessalines is executed as a tyrant October 17th, at Port Rouge. The east part of the island repossessed by Spain.
- 1807—Christophe is appointed Chief Magistrate for life. Pétion defeated at Cibien by Christophe January 1st. Another Constitution given February 17th. March 5th, Alexandre Pétion is elected President of the Republic of Hayti.
- 1808—Spain recovers possession of the colony.
- 1809—Dominicans declare their independence, and abolish slavery. The French are driven out of the city of Santo Domingo.



1810—Rigaud arrives at Aux Cayes April 7th, and soon possesses his former power. On the 8th of October, Pétion's forces deliver the fortress of the Mole St. Nicholas, and are incorporated with Christophe's troops.

1811—Christophe has possession of the Cape, and is crowned King Henry I., while Pétion is President at Port au Prince.

1812—Christophe besieges Port au Prince and takes it.

1813—Pétion dies, and Boyer is elected President; he governs 25 years.

1820—Christophe commits suicide at the Cape in October.

1821—November 30th, the Spanish yoke is thrown off by Eastern district and Republic declared.

1822—February 9, Boyer enters Santo Domingo, and the whole island is under one government.

1826—France recognizes the independence of Hayti, for the sum of 150,000,000, subsequently reduced to 90,000,000, France, indemnity to the planters.

1842—An earthquake destroys Cape Haytien, Santiago, Port de Paix and Gonaves, in May. A revolution compels President Boyer to flee from his capital, and soon after, the Eastern natives rise against the Haytiens, and overpower them.

1843—Colonel Rivière raises the standard of revolt at Cayes, and marches against Boyer, who abdicates on the 13th of March, and a Provisional Government is formed.

1844—February 2d, certain inhabitants of the East form themselves into an independent State, under the style of the Dominican Republic. Herard Rivière made President. Santana defeats Rivière near Santiago, April 9th. On May 3d Philippe Guerrier is President, and Louis Pierrot ousts him in a short time.

1846—J. B. Riché is proclaimed President, and forms a new Constitution.

1847—Riché is deposed, and Faustin Soulouque is made President.

1849—April 21st, Soulouque is defeated in battle by Santana, at Las Carreras. Santana resigns Dictatorship in favor of Constitutional President Baez. August 26th, Soulouque is proclaimed Emperor of Hayti, with the title of Faustin I.

1850—Treaty of Commerce, Amity and Navigation concluded with Great Britain in May. Soulouque makes an unsuccessful invasion of the country.

1853—Baez, having favored the clerical party, is rejected, and Santana re-elected President.

1854—Santana enters into negotiations with General Canzan, a secret diplomatic agent of President Pierce, for the cession of Samana Bay to the United States, October 5th.

1855—The east end of the island cannot be subdued, and the Republic of Dominica is firmly established.

1857—Santana's failure with the United States makes him unpopular, and Baez is elected President in February. In September Santana gets up another revolution.

1858—Baez expelled by Santana. December 23d, Gervard rebels at Gonaves. Soulouque is deposed, and Gervard made President.

1859—Soulouque is protected by the French, and sent to Kingston, Jamaica, in January. He created titles of nobility, which he gave to his friends. Gervard takes the oath to support the Constitution, in the presence of the Senate. On May 24th, a decree confiscates Soulouque's property, and banishes him from the Republic, with his wife, Adeline, and his generals—Delva, Lubin, Prophite, Salomon and Bessalines. In September a conspiracy is formed for Gervard's assassination, but fails. His daughter is murdered by the mob, in his parlor. The guilty parties are soon after apprehended and executed.

1860—May 10th, the revolution at Cayes, by Salomon, is suppressed.

1861—Republic of Santo Domingo, under President Santana, annexed itself by unanimous consent to Spain. Baez goes to Spain, is well received at Madrid, and made a General of Division.

1863—February 20th, people of the Republic rise in insurrection to recover their independence. Between 600 and 700 men under Lucas de la Pena capture town of Guayabln. Insurrection unsuccessful at Santiago. The Captain-General proclaims a general amnesty to insurgents, March 21st. A revolution breaks out soon after, and Santiago is burned. Spanish troops retire to Puerto Plata. Authorities of Santiago wish President of Hayti to annex them. He refuses. By close of the year the insurrection greatly reduced.

1864—In January the Spanish Ministry of Narvaez propose to the Cortes a bill repealing the act by which Santo Domingo was annexed to Spain. Insurrections continue throughout the year. General Cabral obtaining a great victory for the Spanish at La Canela, December 4th.

1865—In January the administration of Provisional President Polanco, who succeeded General Salcedo, is overthrown. General Pimentel elected Provisional President in March, term to expire three months after evacuation by Spain. May 5th, a royal decree announces the abandonment of Santo Domingo by Spain. Evacuation carried out in July. A meeting held in Santo Domingo City, August 4th, repudiates administration of Pimentel, and General Cabral is commissioned Protector of the Republic, with power to summon National Convention. Cabral addresses Pimentel proposing mutual conference, but without success. All important towns favor Cabral. Pimentel resigns and Cabral accepts Presidency. November 14th a general election is held. Baez installed President, December 8th. He gives both Cabral and Pimentel seats in Cabinet.

1866—In January Secretary Seward visits Baez at his capital. A revolution headed by Pimentel deprives Baez of office in June; the President flees to St. Thomas, and Cabral is again elected.

1867—A treaty of friendship, commerce, navigation and extradition concluded between Santo Domingo and United States, February 8th. General Sajo, special envoy, offers Samana Bay to the United States for \$5,000,000. In latter part of year a new insurrection breaks out in the interests of Baez, and when the year closes the larger part of the island is in his hands.

1868—Baez declared President in January. In February President Cabral with his entire Cabinet flee from the capital, which is taken by Baez. Baez maintains himself during the year, though without putting an entire end to the civil war. Cabral remains in the field all the year.

1869—Cabral submits to Baez, but soon after starts a revolution. June 1st, the armed steamer Telegrafo with General Luperon on board, appears off the coast, and on the 8th opens fire on Samana, and effects a landing. Baez leaves the Bay to the United States, and on December 6th our flag is planted on the peninsula bordering the Bay. Generals Luperon and Cabral protest against this sale. Cabral soon becomes master of all the southern portion of Santo Domingo, containing about 40,000 persons.

1870—Early in the year Baez orders an election to test the feelings of his subjects with regard to annexation to the United States, and the majority are in favor.

1871—United States Congress pass resolutions empowering the President to appoint Commissioners to proceed to Santo Domingo. January 11th, President nominates Messrs. Wade, White and Howe, and in Executive Session they are confirmed. Commissioners sail from New York January 17th, and reach Samana Bay on the 24th.

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#### DOMINICA, THE "SANITARIUM."

THE first important American apologist of the climate of Hispaniola took his ground considerably before the visit of Seward in 1866, or the hearsay report of Dr. Vinton in 1871. It was Fitz-Greene Halleck, and he was equally gratuitous in his assumptions. He speaks of the rich breeze on which, in 1492, was swept

the cry  
That told the Indian Isles were nigh,  
To the world-seeking Genoese;  
When the land wind, from woods of palm,  
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytian seas."

But between the poet and the priest a class of witnesses have spoken of the Sanitarium with less respect. Ten years after the composition of Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," Mr. John Hogan, in 1845, composed a Report, "prepared under all the disadvantages of a severe and enervating indisposition," in which he alludes to "the oppressive tropical heat which, combined with a tropical atmosphere, renders some parts of the island peculiarly obnoxious to the vomito or yellow fever." The mean heat throughout the year may be assumed at eighty-five degrees of Fahrenheit within the most exposed situations.

Dr. J. Brown recites that about one thousand six hundred and forty French laborers were brought to Santo Domingo, "but," says he, "it soon became apparent that the white laborer could not long endure exposure under the burning heat of the climate and the severe toil of clearing up the rank vegetation of a primitive soil."

After the conquest of Nova Scotia by the English, the French inhabitants were driven from their homes for refusing to take up arms against their countrymen. Count d'Estaing, Governor-General of Santo Domingo, anxious to increase the population of the island, offered them lands and subsistence until they were able to obtain it from the soil. What followed is told by the historian:

"The invitation was accepted by many, and six hundred of them arrived at Cape François. They were first assigned lands and cabins in the districts of Dondon and St. Rose, which border the plains of Cape François; but these situations proved fatally pestilential to them, and they died in masses. It was then thought that the less luxuriant soil of the Mole St. Nicholas would prove less prejudicial to their constitutions, and they were removed thither. But here also their hard destiny pursued them."

After intense suffering, and the death of two-thirds of the entire number, some two hundred of these people were fortunate enough to escape from the destructive influence of the climate, and settled in Louisiana.

About 1770, the French Government, desiring to increase the population of Santo Domingo, induced a large number of Germans to emigrate to the island. They were furnished by the Government with rations and utensils of agriculture. On their arrival, we read that "Corvées of public slaves were hurried to furnish habitation for the new emigrants, and the best engineers of the colony directed their labors, in order to render the town commodious, and the lands convenient and productive to the new population; but not one-seventh of their number survived the diseases of the following season to enjoy the rewards

of their own industry, or the generosity of their patrons, the French. They became gardeners and fishermen; but such was the fatal influence of the climate over them, that in six years after their arrival within the colony but two hundred and fifty remained of their number. More than two thousand had fallen victims to disease and misery."

The losses of Spain in her recent occupation were frightful, footing up, it is said, over 28,000 men "by yellow fever!" The best Spanish authorities state that "even before the insurrection of the Dominicans against the mother country, the acquisition proved a financial failure;" that "to subdue a revolt of the people was impossible, on account of the deadly climate of the interior;" that "owing to several parallel ranges of mountains, some of them rising to the height of 7,000 feet, forming valleys full of marshes and swamps, exhaling a pestilential air, no troops could penetrate into it, or could be supported for any length of time."

But the best evidence is given by the history of Napoleon. Against the disciplined forces of the French, trained to victory by Napoleon himself, the Dominicans could oppose but slight resistance, and in a few short months the armies of the blacks were not only defeated, but driven in shattered fragments to the most inaccessible of their mountain fastnesses. On the 7th of May, 1802, Toussaint himself formally surrendered to the French, and was sent a prisoner to the fortress of Joux, near Besançon, where he died in 1803. But what the unanimous hostility of the half million of negroes and their united and desperate efforts had failed to accomplish—the expulsion of the French from the island—the deadly nature of the climate served to effect the same year, for on the 30th of November, 1803, the French agreed to evacuate the island, having lost a total of sixty thousand men (60,000), by their own confession, upon the island "in the period of the first Republic!" A mere fraction of these were deaths by wounds in battle; not less than 50,000 are believed to have been lost solely by reason of the pestilential climate.

Major Arthur T. Sheldon, who formerly served in the engineer corps of the Spanish army, and on duty visited Samana, Caldera bay, Azua, Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, and Monte Cristo, makes the following statement:

"In the month of July, 1864, I was in Samana—this was during the insurrection. The Spanish Government sent three hundred and fifty-five young fellows to garrison the place. Six weeks afterward but fifteen were left. The captain, doctor, paymaster, chief engineer and first assistant engineer, and fifteen of the crew of the Spanish transport *San Francisco de Borja*, which arrived in Samana from Spain in the same month of July, 1864, died of yellow fever in five days that she lay there. The first assistant engineer died within twenty minutes after being attacked, as also did the paymaster of the steamship *Colon*. The steamer *Velazco* had been on the West India station since 1861. During the Spanish occupation of Santo Domingo she was used as a transport, and in that same month of July she lost her first assistant engineer, who was well acclimated, and who had lived in the West Indies many years, and her second and third assistant engineers, all of yellow fever."

#### PROPOSED ATMOSPHERIC ELLEVATED RAILWAY.

EVERY day Broadway and the leading thoroughfares of New York city become more and more impassable, and the necessities of a method of quicker transit more apparent.

To obtain a good impression of the present crowding, jump into a stage at Canal street, and start for the Battery. Your trouble commences at Park Place, and your speed is interrupted. At Ann street the stage dashes ahead, then backs suddenly, and after many jostles, it falls into line for the Fulton street blockade. Here you lose all control of your body, if your misery is lonely enough to permit you the entire stage; at one time you will hang helplessly half-way out the rear window, then you will suddenly be deposited at the opposite end. Poles of wagons crash through the sides beneath your seat, and the foaming mouths of excited, goaded horses, enter the stage, either over the window-sill or through the glass.

Then you hear screams from women and children, caught half-way over the street and unable to move in any direction; hackmen and draymen lash their animals, and swear lustily at each other; policemen's shrill whistles rise above the din. You look forward, and see a packed street, with an irregular thread of vehicles cutting it for the ferry; then backward, and you are so hemmed in that you can't open the door if you wish to leave the conveyance.

During the busy hours of the day your progress will be about one block in ten minutes. Various means have been proposed to relieve this fearful crowding. The lives of travelers and business men, and the mercantile prosperity of our city, depend on an improvement, and it must be made soon.

Dr. R. H. Gilbert, a well-known engineer, who has long been an enthusiastic believer in pneumatic power, has presented a plan to the Committee of the New York Legislature, which certainly deserves close attention.

The plan is, to place along the street, at distances of from fifty to one hundred feet, compound Gothic iron arches, which shall span the street from curb to curb, at such an elevation as shall not interfere with the ordinary uses of the street. The gaslights will be supported on the ornamental columns, which take the place of the lamp-posts, and the telegraph-wires will be carried on the arches, so that the streets may be relieved of much which now encumbers them. The arches are strongly connected with each other by means of a vertical, latticed or trussed girder running between the tubular ways, which are to be firmly joined to it on either side by ties of suitable construction. Through the tubes, supported as described, cars carrying passengers are to be propelled by atmospheric power. There is also provision in the same set of arches for two or more sets of tubes for the transportation of mails and packages. The stations will be situated at distances of about one mile apart along the line, and will be provided with pneumatic elevators to raise passengers to and from the place of transit with perfect safety, thus obviating the necessity of going up and down stairs for transit. The movement of the cars or trains along the line,

as well as their arrival and departure from stations, is made known at all points by the telegraphic device which is automatically operated by the cars in passing, so that they are at all times under control, thereby securing absolute safety to passengers and property.

While this plan gives double the speed of any steam road, it secures absolute safety to passengers. The motor being air, there is no fire-carrying engine to explode, to burn or destroy either passengers or property along the line. No collisions can occur, and it is impossible for the cars to get off the track. In no way can passengers, should any accident happen, be precipitated into the streets beneath, as would be the case in any other plan, endangering the lives of all. This railway being a covered way, cannot be obstructed by snow or ice, or by the action of the elements, nor by the ordinary causes of obstruction in street travel, which this railway does not in any way endanger or interrupt.

The speed to be attained will, of course, vary according to the number of stations, but the inventor promises to transport through passengers the whole length of the island in a maximum of twenty minutes, and he personally believes that the time would be little more than half of even that short period.

The enterprise can be brought to running order in six months, and its cost is estimated at a figure far below that of other schemes now before the public.

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

In Uruguay the rebellion is crushed.

A CALIFORNIA quail has lately been shot in England.

SICILY furnishes over 600,000,000 pounds of sulphur annually.

A MAINE postmaster has introduced the postal card system.

SENATOR TWED has bought the lease of the Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y.

"LIVES of the Poets Laureate of England" is the title of a new work by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THERE were 162 divorces granted in Rhode Island in 1869, or one divorce to every fourteen marriages.

SIXTEEN additional clerks have just been added to the newspaper department at the General Post-office.

A WASHINGTONIAN has eaten thirty consecutive daily partridges, won a wager of \$500, and lost fifteen pounds of flesh.

THE original plates of Audubon's magnificent work on the Birds of America were lately sold in this city for old copper.

A TRIO of skaters accomplished the journey from Newburg to Albany last week—a distance of one hundred miles—in seven hours and five minutes.

MR. BROWNING has sold a poem entitled "Herve Riel" for £100, and presented the money to the fund for the relief of the distress prevailing in Paris.

It is estimated that 230,000 persons live on the banks of the Merrimack River, and, to a great extent, are dependent upon it for motive power for their factories and workshops.

MISS S. C. GARDNER is to be appointed Chief of the Fire Department at Cedar Rapids, Ia., in recognition of her services in discovering and putting out local conflagrations.

BRET HARTE's stories are pronounced too rough for English perusal. Meanwhile the chief English novelist, Charles Reade, prepares for family reading a novel whose heroine is a courtesan.

WE understand that the new Arctic expedition will sail from this city in May, under the supervision of Captain Hall. The ship *Pervinckle* has been secured from the authorities at Washington.

ST. LOUIS estimates the increase of the hogs in its district at 1,400,000 over last year, making the total 4,000,000. Chicago has about 3,200,000, the weight exceeding that of last year from 10 to 15 per cent.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., tells with pride of Mrs. Lucy Almy, who there entered the service of Mrs. Abigail Russel in 1810, and remained with her until her death, a few days ago—a period of over sixty-one years.

CAPTAIN HALL, of the steamship *James A. Gary*, reports a huge waterspout in Hatteras Inlet, and says the water came down in one solid sheet, and in its descent struck a flock of wild geese, killing all of them instantly.

VIRGINIA has now 1,500 public schools, and expects to have 2,000 by the 1st of April. These do not include the public schools in Richmond, Petersburg and Norfolk, which, as yet, have not been incorporated into the State system.

IN 1870 five thousand six hundred and sixty-one diamonds were shipped from the Cape of Good Hope, valued at \$625,000, and the total value of stones shipped since the discovery of the diamond diggings does not exceed \$1,000,000.

THE British Museum has lately secured the Ingoldsby "Lay of St. Cuthbert," and others of the famous Legends, in the autograph of the Rev. H. R. Barham. Miss Edgeworth's autograph copy of her "Helen," as printed in 1834, is also among last year's purchases, as well as Bishop Percy's correspondence with Shenstone.

GENERAL WEBB, writing to a friend in this city, gives some information which will be of value to invalids who are thinking of going to Nassau to spend the winter. He says: "It would be doing a kindness to the proprietor of the hotel and to all invalids if you would publish in the papers that the *Morro Castle* takes back some twenty or thirty persons who cannot be accommodated here. The proprietor has written to his agent to discourage all applicants from coming to Nassau, because he cannot accommodate them."

THE titles of William I. are: Emperor of Germany; King of Prussia; Sovereign and Supreme Duke of Silesia and of the County of Glaz; Grand Duke of the Lower Rhine and Posen; Duke of Saxony, of Engern and of Westphalia, at Gelnhausen, Magdeburg, Cleves, Juliers, Berg, Stettin, Pomerania, of the Calabres and Wender, of Mecklenberg and Grossen; Burgrave of Nuremberg; Prince of Rugen, Faberburg, Halberstadt, Munster, Minden, Cammin, Wenden, Schwerin, Ratzburg, Moers, Eichsfeldt and Erfurt; Landgrave of Thuringia; Lord of the Counties of Rostock, of Stargard, Lannenburg, Butow, Hargenloeh and Werstein; Margrave of Upper and Lower Lussace; Prince of Orange, of Neuchâtel and of Valengin; Count of Hohenzollern; Count Prince of Henneburg; Count of Ruppeln and of the Marche of Ravensburg, Hohenstein, Peckenburg, Schwerin, Lingen, Sigmaringen, Wehringen and Pymont.









NEW YORK CITY.—RELIEF FOR FRANCE.—PACKING UP DONATIONS OF CLOTHING, MAKING UNDERCLOTHES, AND DISPATCHING STORES FOR THE FRENCH, AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MILE. OTHILLE BOUSSON, No. 890 BROADWAY.—See Page 11.



## A SLEEPING HOMESTEAD.

The meadows slumber fair beneath the moon,  
While wakes the watchful river at their feet,  
And all the air is filled with odors sweet,  
The breath of flowers that shall unfold full soon.

In mazy mystery the forest hides,  
And straggling trees have caught a sylvan grace;  
The sleeping farmhouse shows its placid face  
Between the shadows where the grove divides.

Still are the sparrows nested in the thatch,  
And still the callow larks beneath the brake;  
The startled doves with tender coo awake  
As bays the moon-struck mastiff on his watch.

Now warmer light upon the welkin lies,  
And deeper night intensifies the peace;  
Only the river moves and will not cease  
Its swift, up-searching glances to the skies.

By blooming white-thorn and by climbing rose,  
I know the nook where dreams the maiden sweet;  
Honest her heart as sheaves of goodly wheat,  
Fairer her face than any flower that blows.

I know the chamber where the old folks rest,  
With hearts at peace and all their labor done;  
Where ruddy children sleep till shines the sun,  
Where breathes the baby, warm in mother's breast.

I know the barn where safe from midnight chill  
The weary beggar snores amid the hay,  
Waiting the first red warning of the day  
To grasp his staff and cross the distant hill.

God hath the simple homestead in His eye,  
And sometimes in a solemn hour like this  
He sheds about it dreams of promised bliss,  
With mellow moonlight from the summer sky.

## THE LOST LINK:

OR,

## THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

## CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED).

OLIVIA kissed the worthy dependent's wrinkled cheek, and whispered a kindly word in her ears; but there was little time for such exchange of gentle sympathies. Even Alice seemed roused to fiery resistance.

"It is a clever but useless trick," she said, bitterly. "Do you really think I shall yield to such transparent forgeries?"

"A villainous imposture, that shall be richly punished and exposed!" thundered Sir Geoffrey.

Mr. Lawson, however, calmly regarded the husband and wife with the quiet firmness of certain truth.

"Excuse me," he said. "This outburst is at once useless and in every respect unbecoming the occasion. I need scarcely point to the age and the evident authenticity of the documents to prove to you their truth, but the sworn testimony of Mrs. Mervyn to the facts, and the evident recognition of the writing by Mrs. Ross, are sufficient to legally establish the proofs. Besides which, the certificate can easily be proved by a short delay. You, Lady Alice, well know that this article has been in your keeping for some years past, and that, before that, neither my client nor the young lady who now claims the estates and rank of her forefathers, had the slightest access to this mantle, nor to the clothes that were also found on the infant saved by Mr. Algernon Dacre, since the day of that discovery until some few weeks since, when, by a fearful and mysterious accident, they fell into the custody of their rightful owner. For us, we have nothing to fear from a contest; but for you, all the exposure and scandal had certainly better be avoided. Let me advise you to be wise and just. You know that we have right on our side; you feel that this young girl is the rightful Countess of Ashton. At least assume the credit of the frank confession of that truth."

The baronet's face did not change from its stern, angry frown. Alice's eyes were bent on the floor, with a look of despairing anguish that went to Olivia's very heart. Truly there was little softness or penitence in the glance; but the blow had been so hard, and the reverse of fortune so giddy in its rapid descent, that she might well be pardoned for the bitterness and gall that were infused into the wound.

Helen Mervyn gazed on the group with the pallid face gradually assuming the gray tint of approaching death, her large eyes growing dimmer and dimmer as the last trial came near.

"Geoffrey Dacre," she said, "come here—there—nearer, nearer."

He did not refuse. There seemed a fascination that won his obedience to the dying woman's behest, which he could not resist. She beckoned to him to bend over her, lower, lower, till his ear almost touched the pallid lips. Then there came a whisper, though inaudible to those nearest to the pillow on which she lay—a whisper that lasted but for a moment or two, but which acted like an electric shock on the stern baronet. A shiver shook his massive frame; and when he raised his head, his face wore something of the hue that was once attributed to those who had seen a visitant from the other world—a look of horror—a look of a doomed man.

"Are you content? Are you willing to yield now, Geoffrey Dacre?" asked Helen, with a gleam of triumph over her features.

"I have no alternative," he replied, sullenly. "The case is too artfully contrived, or else too true, for me to be able to resist. Lady Dacre,

it is to you that I am indebted for this pleasant surprise. It is a fit ending of our matrimonial happiness. I am about to leave this hateful place, and if you desire to keep up a semblance of duty or outward appearance, you will depart with me."

She looked at him for an instant, and an expression, half horror, half terror, crossed her face, as, with an involuntary movement, she shrunk from him, and stood beside the lawyer at the other side of the room.

"Not so," she said, with her eyes fixed on his face, and her whole frame trembling with fear, or some strong emotion—"not so; there is the barrier of—"

He approached her by one step, as if he would have grasped her arm; but, with such a shriek as those who heard it never forgot, she slipped past him, and fled to the shelter and safety of her own apartments.

Half an hour or so passed, and a gentle hand was laid on the throbbing brow of the miserable Lady Dacre, and a gentle, low voice whispered words of kindness.

"Do not grieve," said Olivia. "We will comfort you. I am of your blood, dear friend, and all that I have you shall share; our home shall be yours."

Lady Dacre shook her head.

"It may not be," she replied. "You do not know all—Heaven be thanked for that! Oh Olivia, I believe that I am mad with the horror of this moment. Leave me to myself for a few hours. I must have solitude and time for thought. Then I shall be calmer, and be able to look forward to the horrid future that lies before me with—well, we'll call it resignation. Where is he—Sir Geoffrey?" she asked, abruptly.

"Gone," replied Olivia. "He left the Castle immediately, taking nothing but a few papers with him, and refusing to allow either carriage or servant to attend him."

"Better so—better so," replied Alice. "God help him! Never seek to hear of him more, Olivia—it will be the better and the safer course for all. Now leave me to myself."

She lay back wearily on her pillow, and by degrees great tears gathered in her feverish eyes and rolled over the pallid cheeks and trembling lips. Then she held out one thin hand to Olivia.

"Olivia," she said, "I thank you from my heart for your sympathy in my hour of woe; but I can take nothing at your hands, nor must we ever meet again. You will be the wife of Algernon Dacre, the only man on earth I ever loved. Olivia, I'll tell you now that I worshiped him; I hung on every thought and look and word he uttered. I loved him with all my heart and soul, even when I, in my great wickedness, married Geoffrey. Olivia, he is innocent of this murderous charge, as innocent as either you or I."

"How do you know that?" asked Olivia; for something in Alice's manner strangely provoked the query.

"How can I know it," replied Alice, sharply, "except by an intuitive feeling, knowing him? Now leave me. To-morrow I shall be far from this; and you, if indeed you would please me, will never seek to see me more until I send for you. That day may come."

Olivia gave one lingering look at the sad, white face, and pressed a kiss on the throbbing brow, and then she left her and went to seek Mrs. Ross.

"Ah, Miss Olivia—my lady, I should say," exclaimed the good woman, "my heart warmed toward you from the first; and the moment I saw that crescent on your hand I had an impression that somehow you must be of the Compton line, for no one but a Compton ever had that mark that I ever knew. It was the Saracen lady of Ashton that brought it; and some said that it was a curse for the marriage. But, dear me, dear me, I'm sure it will bring no ill to you, my dear young lady, for the hand of the Almighty has been over you from the hour that you were saved from the waters till the present day; and it will still watch over you for good, my lady, if you are as true and good in your prosperity as you have been in your troubles and sorrows."

To this Olivia fervently uttered an "Amen."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

ALGERNON DACRE'S trial was at hand. Only two days would elapse ere the one fixed for the memorable event, and he had but faint hope of its result. No actual proof of his innocence had been obtained, and the evidence against him was too strong for any reasonable expectation of acquittal. He was brave—very brave; but the most indomitable spirit can scarcely bear up against such a fearful load of disgrace and danger, and Algernon's long imprisonment had in a measure sunk and depressed his natural courage; and then Olivia's absence had appeared somewhat unaccountable, as well as painful to his depressed and morbid nerves. Was it an excuse to avoid the hopeless sorrow that his irremediable danger occasioned? or did she desire to wean him gradually from the dependence on her presence and her affection that must so soon cease?

Such fancies haunted Algernon night and day, and his pallid, wan cheeks and saddened eyes betrayed the depressing and wasting influence of this ever-present burden of grief. He had ceased to look for Olivia's coming. The door had so often opened to admit either the warder or the lawyer, who from time to time waited on him, that he shrank from encountering fresh disappointment by indulging hope. And thus, when steps approached, and the door opened, on the morning in question, he did not even raise his head to see who was the visitor to his solitary cell. He remained in the attitude that was but too commonly his posture, half reclining on the table, his face concealed by his hands, till a hand lightly laid on his roused him.

"Algernon, dearest Algernon!"

It was Olivia; Olivia with the old tenderness

in her lovely eyes, that fell soft and soothing on his fevered heart. There was a change in her. She looked as if a new and lofty purpose were within her, and as if animated to fresh exertions, which she knew must be successful, as they were good.

"Olivia," he said, sadly, "I thought you had deserted the poor prisoner."

"Scarcely, dear Algernon," she replied, smilingly; "I could not return sooner, and I have been busy in planning and working in my absence; but you shall know all afterward. I am come now to ask a question, to play a queen regnant's part, at the risk of your thinking me most unmildly."

"That can hardly be, Olivia," he said, with a sad smile, "whatever you might do; although, you puzzle me to guess your meaning."

"It is very shocking, very bold, dear Algernon," she said, a crimson flush illumining her features; but you told me once that you did love me, did desire to have me for your wife, and I am come to ask you to take me at once. Nay, more, I have made every arrangement for that end, and it needs but your consent to complete all."

A great tenderness came over his wan features till it deepened into agony.

"Wed you to disgrace?" he answered.

"Never."

"Then you refuse, Algernon?" she said, and her lips parted in a half-reproachful smile.

"I would take you as Heaven's best gift, if I could, dearest; but I should indeed deserve the blindest reprobation if I were so selfish and so wicked," he replied. "No, Olivia, I cannot be."

"Algernon, it must be, it shall be," she said, calmly. "I would fain have the right to defend you in life, and, if it be God's will, to mourn you in death as your wretched wife. I am alone, Algernon; I have no one to control, no one to blame, and no one to comfort or support me. Will you deny me the privilege of knowing that I belong to one whom I have loved and honored long before I knew what the feelings meant? Algernon, will you refuse this consolation, this boon?"

Must we pursue the pleading? Need we say that her arguments triumphed at last, in thus entreating as a boon what he knew was intended for his own comfort and support, and that, when at last he yielded, Olivia joyfully and tenderly imparted to him the arrangements she had made for the wedding—the prison-bridal. She had obtained a special license, and engaged a clergyman to attend on the following morning, when she should pledge her vows and faith to the man whom she loved better in adversity and disgrace than in the height of prosperity and happiness.

Algernon listened with a chastened gratitude and affection to the noble girl, and inwardly vowed that if he were spared from the terrible ordeal that awaited him, his whole life should be devoted to make her happy.

It was a remarkable scene in that prison-cell on the following morning—the solitary table turned into an altar, with the Holy Book laid side by side with the ritual of the Established Church, the minister standing in his white robes, ready to pronounce the Church's blessing on the pair who plighted their vows in such strange and solemn circumstances. And before this temporary altar stood Olivia, in her simple white dress, and no ornament save the wealth of her rich dark hair, and the flash of happiness in her eyes, and round her neck the cross that had hung there from childhood. The eyes of the old minister filled with tears as he received her vows, and his voice shook as he pronounced the blessing on the fair young bride, so soon perhaps to be a widow. And the lawyer, who gave her away, wiped his spectacles suspiciously; and the hand that took hers, to give it to her husband's keeping, was trembling and cold with the real sympathy and excitement of the occasion.

The ceremony was over, and the bride and bridegroom were pronounced man and wife, and the prison-cell was for the moment illumined by the light of love and happiness. But time was precious, and the lawyer reminded them that the register must be signed, to complete the validity of the ceremony, and that only half an hour remained ere all must quit the prison.

The book was opened, the paper extracted, and Algernon Dacre signed his name in the place indicated with a bold, firm hand, that was characteristic of his character and heart. Then Olivia's turn came, and Algernon watched, with a sad playfulness, the signing of the name of his beloved for the last time, ere she had a right to bear his own. But he started and gazed at her, as if he thought she had suddenly lost her senses, then at the clergyman, the lawyer, and again at Olivia, with a bewildered, terrified air.

"Olivia, are you jesting, or delirious?" he exclaimed at last; "or am I dreaming?"

The signature affixed was, "Olivia Nina Maud, Countess of Ashton."

She burst into tears, threw herself in her husband's arms, and, hiding her face on his shoulder, whispered—"Algernon, dear Algernon, Heaven grant that I may be able to devote all that I have to you! It is all true—quite true; and your little foundling has lived to lay a coronet at her husband's feet, with the offering of her whole heart and love and obedience. Only love me, dearest, and try to live for my sake."

He stood as if transfixed, his eyes fastened on her expressive features with a look that spoke unutterable things. Love, and sorrow, and admiring reverence for that noble girl, mingled in the heart of the much-tried man, and he sank on the chair near him, as if overwhelmed with the surprise that had been prepared for him.

"Olivia, Olivia," he said, "you should not have done this. It is terrible to think of the sacrifice; you to link your fate with—"

"With that of the only man I ever could love," she said, firmly—"with the man whose name I am prouder to bear in disgrace and sorrow than I should that of the proudest in the land. My husband, my injured, generous husband! thank God that it is too late for you to frustrate my plans. You cannot turn off your wife now. You must submit to be the husband of the Countess of Ashton—although her name is Olivia, instead of Alice."

Then, in a few rapid words, she explained the marvelous occurrences of the last few days, and concluded by once more adding, "Algernon, my place is by your side now. In weal or woe, in sickness or sorrow, for better, for worse, my duty and my privilege is to be at my husband's side. Olivia is not alone now—her days of desolate dreariness are over; and something tells me that even yet Heaven will bring your innocence to light."

The clergyman and lawyer had glided from the cell during this scene. The husband and wife were alone, and we will not intrude on the sacredness of the hour; suffice it to say, that few of the gayest brides that daily occur ever witnessed such true and deep happiness as that wedding in the prison-cell. They were all in all to each other. The bride had, at last, the right to lavish and to claim the warmest, deepest love that woman's heart can give or receive. For the first time she belonged to another, and had a possession in another's love; for the first time Algernon Dacre had tested the truth and devotion of woman's nature, and found it answer to the ordeal. The high-born heiress had carried out the promises and the feelings of the nameless foundling, and bestowed on him, in shame and disgrace, a boon that numbers of the proudest in the land would have craved with eagerness. Truly they had reason to rejoice even in that hour of anxiety and suspense; for at least the hopes and the happiness which sympathy, and truth, and love could give, were theirs then and for ever. In all reverence they could say that theirs was a joy which no man could take away from them.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

It was the memorable day of Algernon Dacre's trial for the wilful murder of Frank Mervyn, and the proceedings were already begun. An intense interest was naturally excited by the singular circumstances of the case. The rank of the prisoner, the rumors that had got about as to the real motives of the deed, and vague reports that the principal witness would be one who was already well known to fame, had created a complete furor in the fashionable world, and the efforts to get places and to secure good views of the whole proceedings were as numerous as in any of the *causes célèbres* of ancient or modern times. The court was crowded to suffocation, and the entrance of the prisoner was the signal for a perfect whirlwind of whispers and sighs and rustling of dresses and handkerchiefs. But he bore it all with composure; nay, with more than composure, for there was a light in his eyes that spoke of an unflinching and noble spirit, of some inward support that could only be interpreted as innocence, or a secret prospect of acquittal; so it was considered by the throng; and some even appeared to feel a slight disappointment at the firmness of his mien.

The usual forms had been gone through. The counsel for the Crown had opened the case with the usual energy and eloquence of his brethren, and had managed to create a full impression of distrust and condemnation against the prisoner, while apparently lamenting and excusing the terrible necessity of doing justice even in so painful a case. And then he sat down, and the Signora Perdita was called into court as the first witness. She appeared closely veiled, advancing with a slow, timid step that excited general interest, and a buzz of sympathy and curiosity ran through the crowd as she stood in the witness-box, one small hand resting on the rail before her, and her firm, gentle voice sounding clear and distinct through the court, when the oath was administered to her. Then she was asked her name.

The ears of the whole audience might at the instant have figured forth the wondrous tale of the magic ear of olden times which caught and repeated each sound. Then the same clear voice answered, "Olivia Compton Dacre, Countess of Ashton."

The sensation through the court was indescribable. The rustle, the rising up, the murmurs, the exclamations even had to be promptly suppressed by the officers of the court; and when the lady was requested to put up her veil, not even the good-breeding of many of the audience could prevent an eager leveling of glasses, and bending forward of heads to catch a glimpse of the wonderful lady of the hour, the prima donna. The Judge silenced the indecorous exhibition by a heavy frown, and at last order was in a measure restored. Then the counsel resumed.

"Did I understand you aright, madame? Is that your real name and title?"

"It is."

"And how, may I inquire, has it become yours, when, if I am correctly informed, it has been recently borne by a lady—the wife of the prisoner's brother, and the heiress of the ancient line whose title you assume?"

The counsel for Algernon would have interfered, but Olivia answered calmly:

"It was borne worthily but not rightfully by the supposed heir, but I am a nearer claimant, and have proved my right to the name of Compton and the heiress-ship of the line. It imports little, I presume, as regards my evidence."

"But Dacre; you add Dacre to the family name of Compton?"

"I do. It is mine by marriage. I am the wife of the prisoner."

"Then," said the prisoner's counsel, rising, "I claim exemption for this witness. A wife cannot bear evidence against her husband."

"I have none to bear," said Olivia. "I am



willing to tell all that I know of the sad tale. It has no connection with my husband. The unhappy deceased was found by me, and removed from the spot where he lay. That is all I have to tell."

She then proceeded to give a plain statement of her discovery of Frank Mervyn's body, and the position in which it lay. The counsel for the prosecution then proceeded to the cross-examination.

"May I inquire, madame, for what purpose you went to the spot in question?"

Olivia was silent for a few moments. Then she replied, "To receive the proofs of my birth, from the person who possessed them."

"And may I inquire," resumed the counsel, "who was that individual?"

Olivia hesitated, and the Judge gently interfered.

"I think you must answer that question, Lady Ashton. It is relevant and important."

Olivia glanced half-sadly at Algernon, and then she replied, firmly, "It was Sir Geoffrey Dacre."

"You swear this, on your oath?" said the counsel, who was evidently disappointed.

"On my oath," was her firm reply.

"And did you see him?" was the next question.

"I did not," she replied.

"Nor any one else?" continued the counsel.

"No one was near the spot—not within a mile of it, to the best of my knowledge," she replied.

A few more questions, and then she was allowed to go down from the box, but requested to remain in readiness to be recalled, if needful. Then came the men who had assisted in removing the body, and some other evidence of minor importance; and at last the officer who had discovered the pocketbook, and the small dagger-knife which lay near the spot, gave his evidence.

#### SUPPLIES FOR FRANCE.

WAR-WORN and desolate France, in the midst of all her sufferings, has received constant evidences of the loyalty of her sons and daughters in free America. At the commencement of the struggle, assistance of the most substantial character was rendered by the French residents in this city, and these efforts have been continued, in spite of disasters and losses, until now they are about culminating in a grand benefaction which all friends of humanity wish a hearty God-speed. Two committees in New York city, up to March 1st, collected the sum of \$110,628.61 for their relief.

While large sums of money have been contributed in the principal cities of the United States, the French residents in our small inland villages should not be forgotten. Of their little they have given much.

The rapidity with which contributions of money and supplies have been received from all parts of the country, justifies the query about the ability of the vessels chosen to carry all the precious freight collected. The spontaneity of the offerings is a most pleasing feature of the enterprise. Mercantile associations, theatrical managers, wealthy ladies and gentlemen, farmers in moderate circumstances, and French laborers and seamstresses, have given of their means to a common cause. While the particulars of this united effort will spread throughout the civilized world, an individual enterprise has been carried on in a modest manner in New York city, of which the general public know little.

In August last, Mademoiselle Marie-Therese Bousson, a young French lady who has spent the greater part of her life in the metropolis, commenced collecting articles of food and apparel for her struggling countrymen. For a while her efforts were regarded as quite visionary, but, being of a determined and self-reliant disposition, she worked the harder, and soon had a large case of supplies on its way to France.

In September she forwarded several boxes by the *Guiding Star*, which unfortunately was lost on the voyage. From that time to the present she has collected through her personal exertions, from French residents of New York, and the farmers of Iowa, Pennsylvania and other States, over fifty cases, valued at about \$18,000. The leading express and railroad companies of the United States have brought all boxes, barrels and other packages to her free of cost, and the Transatlantic Company conveys her supplies to France gratuitously.

Her apartments, at No. 860 Broadway, for several weeks presented a very animated air. In one room stood two tables, one loaded with articles of female apparel, the other with coats, pants and vests, while on the floor were scattered a large assortment of stockings, boots, shoes, flannel undergarments, linen and lint, reminding one of the busy days of our great Sanitary Commission. Several large cases stood on the sidewalk, just received from inland cities, and a squad of boys were rushing up and down-stairs, carrying the contributions to the assorting-room for systematic packing. Fashionable carriages drove to the door, and jeweled hands sent huge bundles of clothing for the suffering people. Porters pitched bundles up the stairs, and little children struggled through the hall-ways, with packages as large as themselves. Above the confusion of sorting and packing, the steady click of sewing-machines were heard, working up a large quantity of flannel into shirts and drawers.

At New York, the U. S. storeship *Supply* was prepared for transporting the gifts. This little ship—547 tons burden, and classed as fourth-rate—has performed many acts of special duty. She was purchased from the merchant service at Boston in 1846, and was sent with supplies to the navy then operating in the Gulf of Mexico. After the close of that war, she was fitted out, and was the flagship of Lieutenant-Commanding Lynch's Dead Sea Expedition. In 1854, under the command of Lieutenant D. D. Porter (now Admiral), she went

across the Atlantic, and returned with a freight of camels, some of which are still to be found in Texas and the adjoining States. During the Rebellion, while under the command of Commander Colvocoresses, she captured a steamer loaded with arms, which proved to be one of the most valuable taken at sea during the whole course of the war. She has been twice to the East Indies, and on a number of voyages across the Atlantic. The *Supply* sailed for Havre on the 2d of March. Her cargo consisted of 21,000 barrels of flour, 150 tierces of beef, 300 barrels of bread, and 3,000 cans of preserved meat. The work of collecting funds and stores will be continued, and the *Saratoga* will follow the *Supply* as soon as her refitting will permit.

On February 25th the bark *Hunter*, with the cargo of flour purchased by A. T. Stewart, Esq., for the French sufferers, sailed from this port for Havre, direct. The expense will amount to \$50,000.

#### SANTO DOMINGO:

##### VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS.

CONTINUING our particularly graphic record of the movements of the United States Commissioners, we have a view of the departure of a scientific party from the headquarters at Santo Domingo City, for an overland journey to Puerto Plata, 150 miles distant, on the 10th of February. The expedition was under charge of Professor Blake, the geologist, and was set on foot for the purpose of questioning the people on the subject of annexation, and examining the mineral resources of the island. It was expected that the Commissioners, who intended traveling around the island, would meet the party either at Azua or Port au Prince, in Hayti.

In the illustration, President Wade is bidding a *bon voyage* to Prof. Blake. This view also furnishes an accurate idea of the headquarters of the Commissioners, a stone building over one hundred years old. Several members of the party took up their quarters in the Vice-regal Palace of the Spanish Captain-Generals. It is not so old as some of the other buildings, and until a recent period was kept in order. It has the luxury of glass windows, and the floors are of coarse marble laid in squares. There was no furniture in it, and the party had to provide themselves with stretchers to sleep on, and such other things as they needed. This palace was offered by the Government to the Commissioners for their accommodation while here; but the offer was declined, because it was thought such regal style would sound badly at home, and because the Commissioners did not wish to accept any favor from the Government.

There is a superstition connected with this place that has prevented President Baez and other Presidents from residing there. No President, it is said, can reside there and leave the palace alive. The guards on duty at the palace, and others, say that at certain times, in the dark, silent nights, all the doors fly open, and the ghosts of the old Spanish cavaliers, armed cap-a-pie, promenade the halls in dreadful array. The newspaper correspondents who slept there eagerly watched for these formidable cavaliers, and our artist, in his great anxiety to fulfill his entire duty to the public, and sketch everything of possible interest, has roamed the building night after night, in fearless search for these straggling spectral arsenals, but as yet none have dared come within reach of his pencil.

Shortly after their arrival at Santo Domingo City, the Commissioners began taking testimony in the main chamber of their headquarters. Delegations of natives were summoned from adjoining villages and closely questioned, principally about the property in the vicinity of Samana Bay, its owners and titles. The sketch represents Mr. Wade seated by the table, propounding questions to a native standing before him, by means of an interpreter, also standing. At Mr. Wade's right are Commissioner Howe, of Boston, and Frederick Douglass, while at the table and desk, further back, the official stenographers and press correspondents are busy taking notes of the evidence. Several natives, including an officer of the army, are awaiting their turn.

The private office of President Baez is a commodious room for the buildings of the country, and is used for the executive sessions of his Cabinet. On the right is the President, writing at his desk; on the left, near the window, is Mr. Delmonte, Minister of Justice and Education, and in front of the book-case, Mr. Gautier, Secretary of State. The door near the President's desk leads to his bedroom, which is kept well stocked with firearms, to be used in case of an emergency.

#### THE OCCUPATION OF PARIS.

THE fixed zone surrendered to the Germans, commences at the extreme southwest corner of the enceinte, which forms a point and runs in the shape of an irregular triangle, which the Seine forms in the east side of the enceinte, and from Point du Jour to the Porte des Ternes on the west side, and along the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Avenue des Ternes from Rue Royale to the enceinte on the north side. The only points within these limits retained by the French are the baking establishment used for the Army of Paris, the Quai de Billy and the Pont de Jena. The triangle is admirably chosen for strategic purposes.

There are comparatively few buildings of importance in the zone occupied by the Germans. The most prominent are the Palais de l'Elysée, the Palace of Industry, Hippodrome, Cirque, Diorama, Pompe à Feu, Manutention and the Arc de Triomphe. There is, besides these, the Palais de l'Industrie, occupied every spring by the Art Exhibitions. The region is especially one of large modern residences, populated in

happier times by "colonists" from America, and other wealthy pilgrims or immigrants.

The humiliation of Paris was completed on March 1st, by the long-threatened entry of the German troops. New York newspaper readers, misled by the flaming captions of a vivacious contemporary, were at first persuaded that the march of entry was witnessed by Emperor William in person; but that monarch, from a sentiment of taste or prudence, did not enter the city, holding himself back in the Bois de Boulogne, at Longchamps, in which place he held a review of the troops. Thirty thousand men were paraded in this inspection, which was watched by the Emperor, on horseback, the Prince Imperial of Germany, Prince Leopold Hohenzollern, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, the Grand Duke of Baden, and Prince Leopold of Bavaria, Prince Adalbert and Bismarck, the latter in full cuirassier's uniform.

From the Bois de Boulogne the Germans proceeded in two columns—one up the Allée de Longchamps, Porte Maillot and the Porte de Neuilly, and the other taking the southern route through the Porte d'Anteuil and along the Porte de Boulogne to the quays, along which it marched to the Place de la Concorde and Palace of Industry. Part of the first column marched through the Porte Maillot and under and around the Arc de Triomphe, whence it moved up the Avenue des Champs Elysées to the Place de la Concorde, while the other part entered Paris by the Porte de Neuilly and marched along the Porte des Ternes and the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré to Rue Royale.

A company of wretched, humiliated French collected about the Arc, and watched the proceedings with furtive anger. The houses and shops were closed, and the Paris press suspended its issue. Preparations were made in the meantime, at an early hour of the day, by small bodies of German troops, to open the way for the army. At eight o'clock, Lieut. Bernhardt, of the 14th Hussars, led a half dozen of troopers into the Champs Elysées, and waited there alone amongst his enemies until the army of occupation arrived. Here, at the Place de la Concorde, the statues of the French cities were found draped in black—among them that figure of Strasbourg, which, during the long resistance of its prototype city, used to be decorated with flowers and banners.

At a quarter of nine the Emperor's staff came up, with General von Kamecke in the front, followed by fifty officers, with all arms and in all sorts of uniforms. They did not stop, but rode down the Champs Elysées to the Palace of the Elysées, where their headquarters were established.

Count Bismarck did not enter the Arc de Triomphe. On arriving before it, he halted for a moment, then turned and rode back to Neuilly.

The march of the troops, commanded by General Kamecke, up the avenue of the Champs Elysées, was one of the grandest military spectacles ever witnessed in Paris.

#### THE FIRST TRAIN TO PARIS.

WHAT a tumult of fear, hope and love, in the throng of exiles who are seizing this first opportunity to regain Paris, the mistress of the world and queen of hearts! Every sorry Frenchman, who has spent the time of siege, with what forlorn dignity he may, in Soho or Leicester Square, feels himself, as he goes toward the train, once more a lord of the world—in other words, a Parisian. The vanity of a true Frenchman makes him royal, wherever he may be, or however clothed with the reversed mantle of fate; and these exiled music-teachers and language-teachers, these forlorn *rentiers* without rents, will soon be strutting the impoverished and depleted boulevards, kings of the pave. How many of them will find home despoiled, friends missing, relations dead! Meanwhile, the mere thought of home is a solace for the worst of past woes or future misgivings, and makes the dingy and crowded station at Charing Cross glitter like a palace of Hope.

#### THE VALENTINE IN LONDON.

CURIOUS to see one of the veritable temples of Venus, whence issue the bleeding hearts and flowery darts of Cupid, we were directed to a very unromantic house in that very prosaic thoroughfare Aldersgate street, in which is installed as agent of the classic goddess a very business-like but romantic-looking Englishman, who does by substitute, we are given to understand, the major portion of lover's work in this country. We were informed that he keeps a real poet, as part of his manufacturing machinery; and as we wound our way up the dark and devious stairs, we looked about for that individual with "eye in fine frenzy rolling," but failed to catch it, as we passed the smudgy-looking printers intent upon their prosaic work. Nevertheless, this armory of Venus upon inspection proved to be one of the curiosities of this great city. We soon became aware of one fact that a little astonished us—the valentine of the shops is not even indigenous. Not only do we no longer address our lovers in our own phrases, ornamented with our own devices, but we fail to supply the manufactured substitute. France, the reader will instantly suggest, finds us in the sentimental finery, the amatory poetry, and the soft lace-work in which the British youth wraps up his affections. Nothing of the kind; strange delusion; they know nothing of valentines in fair France. There, New Year's Day takes its place, and it is to old Germany that we have to go to find St. Valentine as much respected as amongst ourselves. In the old land of printing, the valentine has always been a theme for the printer's and the lithographer's art; hence the reason of their power to supersede our own handicraft in this department of ornamental stationery. But if we import the foreign work, we utilize it in our own fashion. German valentines come over to

us in the form of embossed and colored card-work, of the most elaborate character—wreaths, devices, pictures, emblems, all grouped together in fancy designs; the different parts, however, being attached by fine points which easily break asunder. The English valentine-maker fancies he can make combinations of his own out of these easily resolved materials, which will suit the home market better; hence the first part of his business is to break the German valentines to pieces, in order that they may be built up afresh. Rows of sprightly young damsels are engaged at this work, tearing hearts out of encircling wreaths, separating lace-work from mottoes, with the most unconcerned hands, disuniting the most touching emblems, reducing flowery pictures to mere *disjecta membra*, which other hands are employed in reuniting in a more simple fashion. All valentines, it is true, are not subjected to this revolutionary process; it is only the cheaper sort, in which we cannot compete with the foreign work. The more expensive valentines are of home manufacture. The range of cost is extraordinary, extending from a penny to a pound. In the higher-priced ones, satin and lace are the surroundings, and the settings are exquisite pictures. These are arranged with such springs and delicate foldings that they will not bear the rough usage of the post, but require the protection of elaborate cases. In short, a high-class valentine packed for delivery is like a lady going to the opera, who must have the whole carriage-seat to herself, to keep her frounces, her Brussels lace, and her towering headdress entirely free from the touch of ordinary mortals; so the delicate fancy valentine is fenced off, and goes by the parcel post—a mighty aristocrat beside the ordinary penny specimens in the postman's bag.

Lace-work for valentines is a manufacture by itself, and is made in a very curious way. It is stamped in relief in a metal mold; one side of the mold is then lifted, and all the superfluous paper is rubbed away with pumice-stone, leaving the lace pattern in the die, from which it is lifted when cleared of its surroundings.

The statistics of London valentines, if they could be procured, would be very curious. There is no means of even making a guess at the numbers which pass through the post-offices of the entire kingdom; but a guess may be made at the numbers passing through St. Martin's-le-Grand. The average number of letters is, of course, pretty well known, and in the year 1866 there passed through the London post-offices, for delivery in town and country, 897,900 in excess of this average on St. Valentine's Day. In 1868 the excess had increased to 1,199,142. Probably on St. Valentine's Day, 1871, this number will have increased to a million and a half, bringing a revenue, due entirely to the tender sentiment, of upward of £15,000. Who shall say after this that sentiment does not pay?

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE widow of Nathaniel Hawthorne died in London, February 26th.

MAYOR SHURTLEIFF, of Boston, has presented the city with a portrait of Anson Burlingame.

EARL DE GREY proposes to give a dinner to the members of the High Commission in a few days.

MRS. SECRETARY FISH will give a dinner next week to the members of the High Commission and their ladies.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, visiting Paris, says it presents the most appalling distress that the century has seen.

VICTOR EMMANUEL is much devoted to tennis. He enjoys the game, believing it postpones the approach of apoplexy.

It is proposed to place an elegant window in the Church of the Strangers, New York, in memory of the late Alice Cary.

LOTTA was recently baptized into the Episcopal Church, at New Orleans, to the name of Mignonne Lotta Crabtree.

THE King of Sweden is mentioned as a frequent contributor to the Stockholm press, and Political Economy is his favorite weakness.

SWINBURNE, aged twenty-five, looks like forty; coffee, brandy and opium being capable with the aged appearance of his face.

THE statue of Roger Williams, a gift from the State of Rhode Island, has arrived in Washington, and will be placed in the old Hall of Representatives.

At last accounts Dr. Nachtigall, the African traveler, charged by the King of Prussia with presents to the Sultan Omar, had arrived at the capital of Bornu.

ROMAN gossips have discovered that Victor Emmanuel and Prince Humbert have both become converts to Spiritualism. The King is developing rapidly into a medium.

JUSTICE NELSON, of the United States Supreme Court, has been on the bench over forty-nine years, and his semi-centennial anniversary will be celebrated by his friends in August.

MR. SEWARD and his party left Hong Kong for Singapore the 1st of February. Mr. Seward held a reception before his departure, and made a speech to his friends. His health is improving.

At sixteen, General Chanzy was a cabin-boy on a man-of-war, but he did not take kindly to salt water; and, after a year's service, was transferred to the military school at St. Cyr.

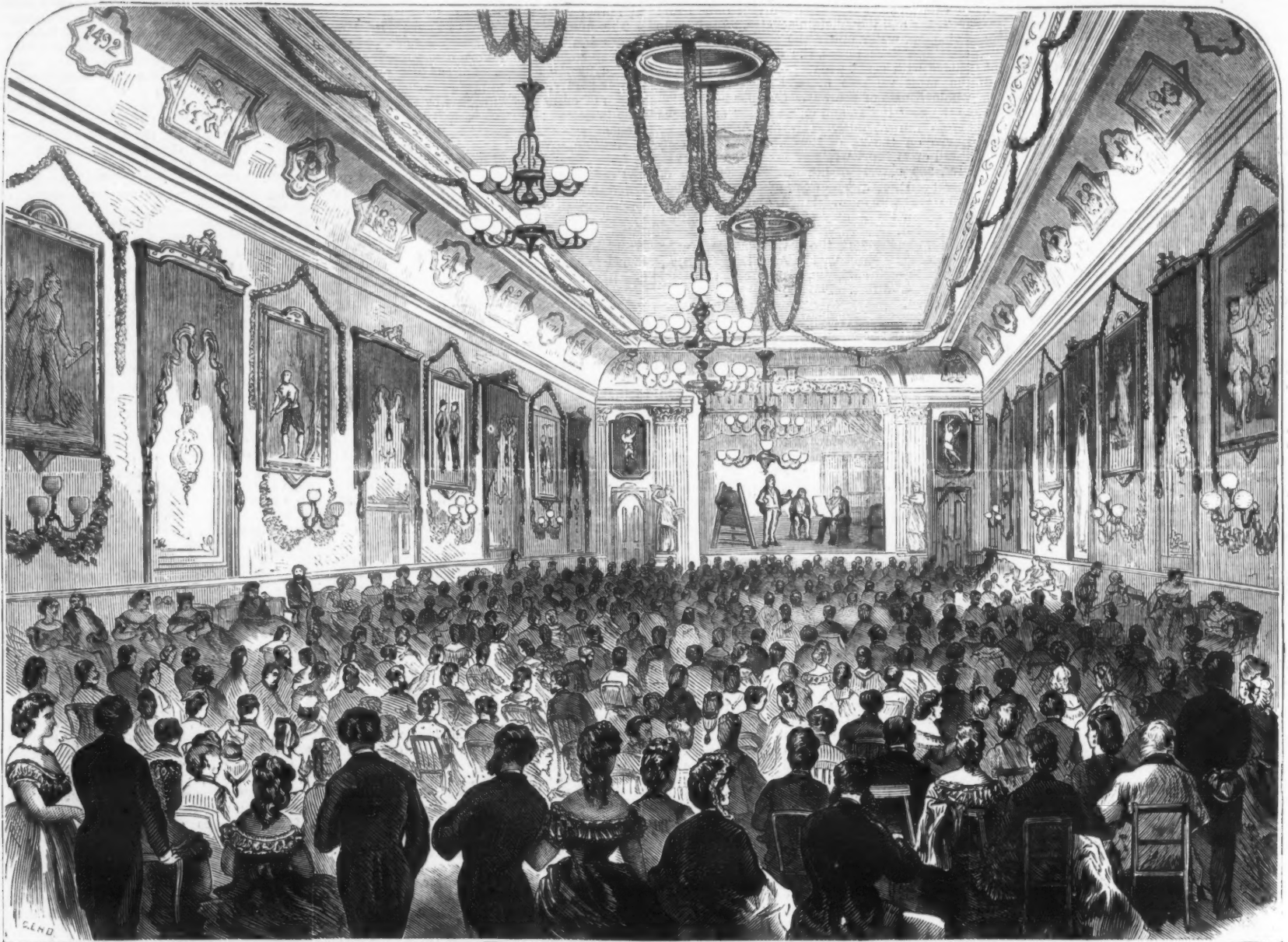
THE cottage where Shakespeare wooed and won Anne Hathaway is for sale, and the Shakespearean Club, which owns the poet's house at Stratford, two miles distant, is expected to purchase it.

G. A. SALA has got £500 damages from the publishers of Hain Frissell's book, in which he was called a *goguenard*, and accused of being always in the hands of the Jews, tipsy and disreputable.

ONE of the Bonaparte Princes, who refused to give the Prussians his parole, is a prisoner in Lotzan, though in a gilded cage. He goes out to ride daily, but is always accompanied by a squadron of cavalry.

AN exquisitely spiritual face, appropriately named "Heavenward," has for some time been attracting art-lovers at Schan's, Broadway. The gifted artist, Mrs. Jane Perry, is wife of the well-known George Perry, Esq., of this city, the triumphant senior of the Editorial Triumvirate of the *Home Journal*.



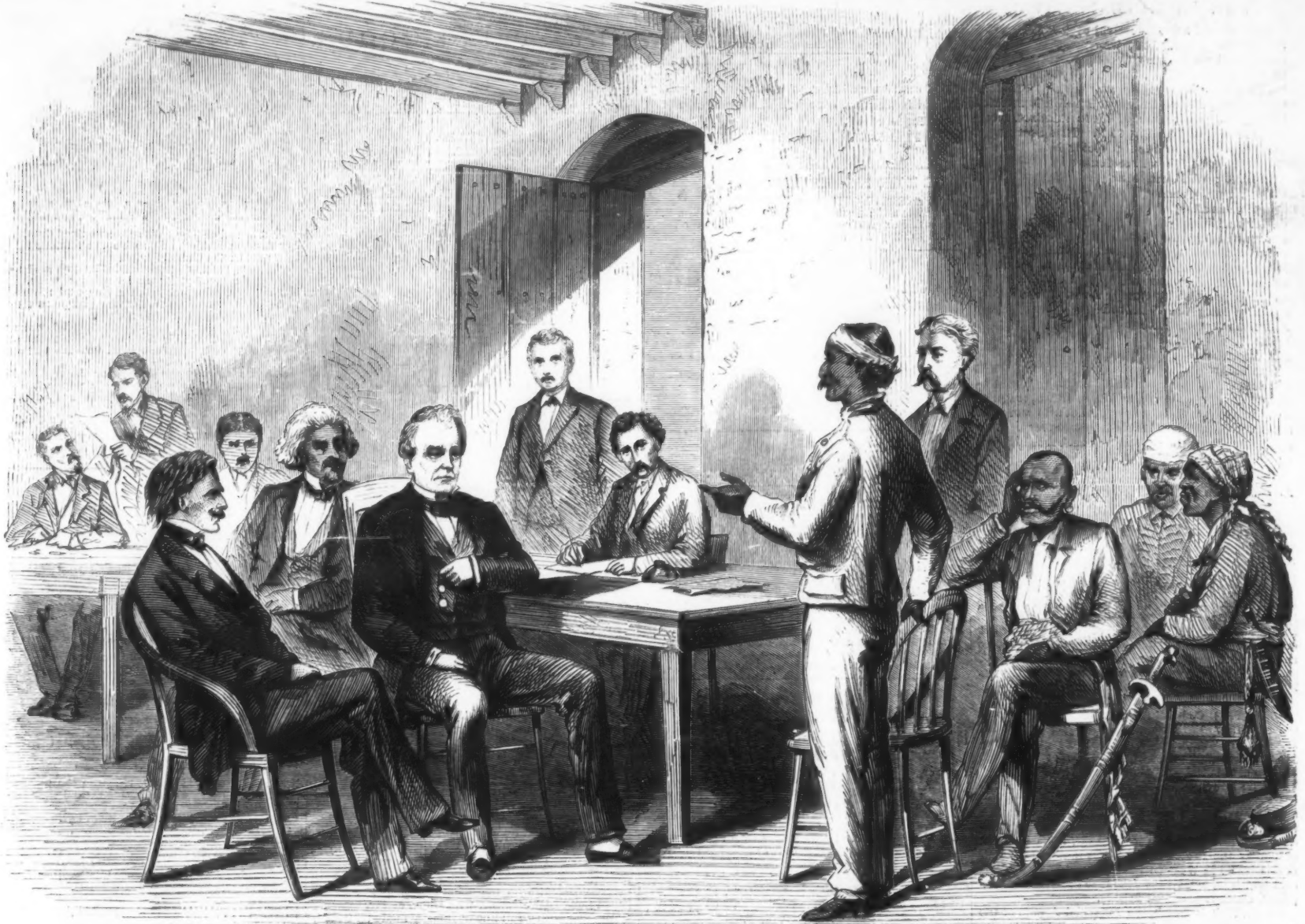


NEW YORK CITY.—THEATRICAL FESTIVAL GIVEN BY THE PALETTE CLUB, AT ALLEMANIA HALL, FEBRUARY 20TH.—SEE PAGE 14.

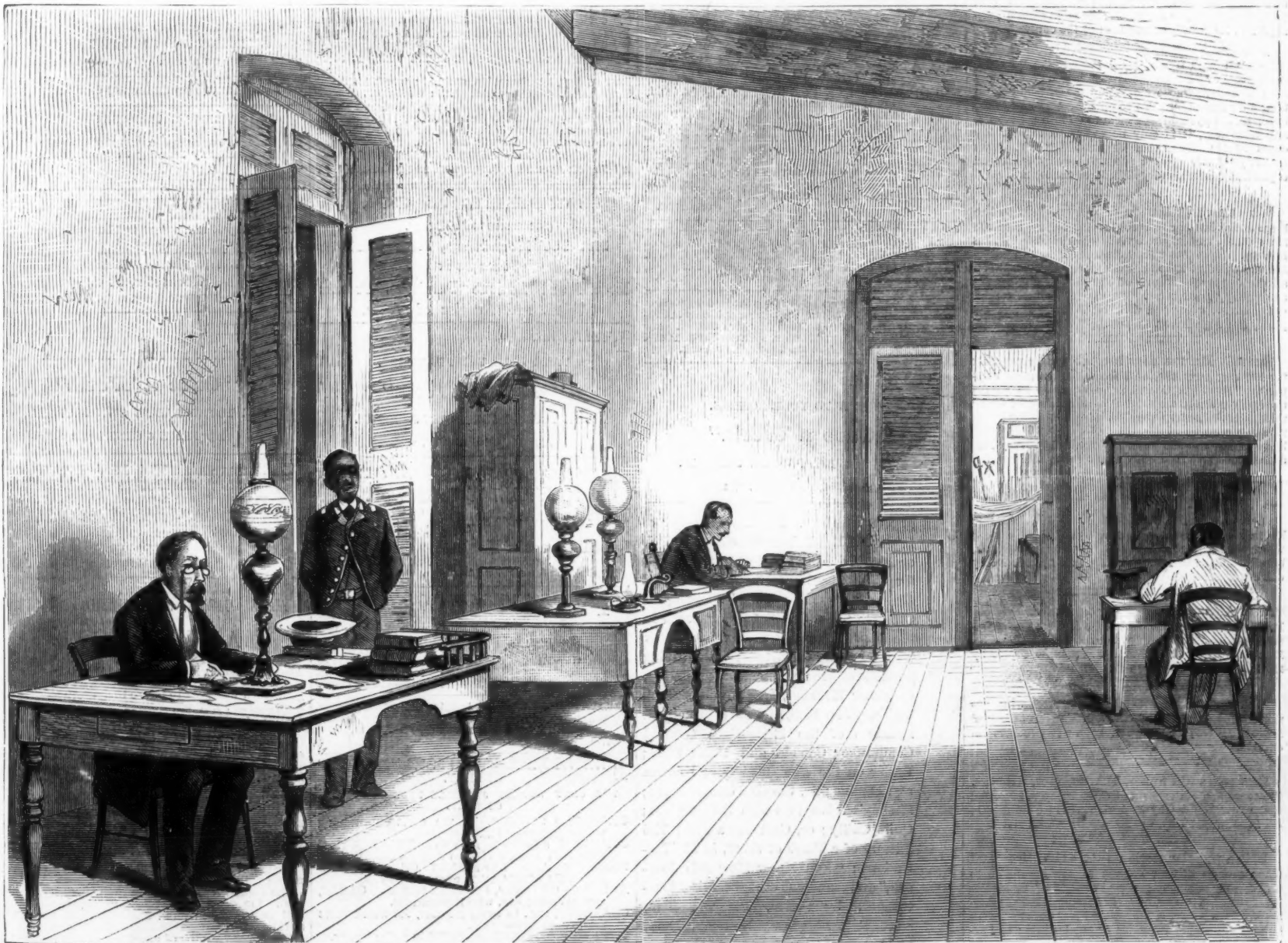


LONDON.—THE FIRST TRAIN FROM LONDON TO PARIS AFTER THE CAPITULATION OF THE LATTER CITY.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.





THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.—THE COMMISSIONERS, AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN SANTO DOMINGO CITY, TAKING TESTIMONY FROM THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 11.



THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.—PRIVATE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT BAEZ AND HIS CABINET, IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION AT SANTO DOMINGO CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 11.



## THE PALETTE FESTIVAL.

THE second annual festival of "The Palette," an artists' association, was most successfully celebrated on Monday evening, February 20th, at Allemania Hall, Sixteenth street. The popularity which this young and vigorous association has rapidly and deservedly won is attested by the large number of three hundred members already belonging to it. Its officers are: Paul Schulze, President; Victor Nehlig and J. Roy Robertson, Vice Presidents; Dr. C. Wiener, Treasurer; W. Kurz, Financial Secretary; Dr. C. Meinecke, Corresponding Secretary; George Hess, Recording Secretary; M. Von Mitten-dorfer and L. Roeth, Librarians. The members are "artists and friends of art."—The evening's entertainment began with a capital speech by Mr. Schulze, and the presentation of an original comedy, in three acts, written expressly for this occasion by George Hess, the sculptor, and depicting the vicissitudes of the life of an American artist. The title of the play was "The Ladder of Fame." Tableaux Vivants followed, then a ball and supper.

The hall was decorated by emblems in relief of sculpture, architecture, painting, photography, poetry, science, comedy, music, tragedy and engraving, and many trophies and works of art achieved and contributed by members. The festival was peculiarly original and fresh, and a complete success.

## A MUCH-NEEDED RAILROAD TO THE WEST.

ALL the existing trunk lines of railroad between the Atlantic ports and the Great West are virtually choked with traffic; that is to say, they are enabled to uphold rates for the transportation of Western produce far above the actual cost of moving them, which to the same degree shuts out a large amount of freight which would otherwise be sent East. The most pressing need of the time is further competition to the Mississippi Valley by railroad, so as to lessen the rates at which freight may be carried, and thereby increase the volume of products sent here with a corresponding benefit to both producers and consumers. We notice that the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, of which some of our eminent New York merchants and shippers are Directors, are building the extension of the Chesapeake and Ohio Road from its present terminus, near the West Virginia boundary, to the Ohio River. This line connects the inland navigation with the coastwise navigation by a portage shorter than any now use. It is in the remarkable grades this road will have its greatest advantage. Between Cincinnati or St. Louis and the seaboard, this will afford absolutely the shortest and easiest route, and an immense traffic in Western produce, and West Virginia coal and iron, must pass over it so soon as it is completed, which is promised in 1872.

Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, the Financial Agents of the Company, are authorized to re-open their subscription books of the SIX PER CENT. GOLD FIRST MORTGAGE LOAN, a further installment of which is to be offered at the original price, 90, and accrued interest from November 1st. Pamphlets, maps and particulars may be had of them. It remains for us to add, that the gentlemen concerned in the management of this great Franchise are among the most capable, upright and financially-strong men of the country.

Health has beauty of its own. No eruptions, sores or discolorations disfigure or annoy any man or woman whose stomach, liver and bowels do their duty thoroughly. To compel them to their work, to render it impossible for them to do it in a slovenly, imperfect way, it is only necessary to take a few doses of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS. This potent vegetable specific renovates every weakened organ and controls every disordered function.

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SHARP'S RIFLES have become justly popular for hunting purposes, and the manufacturing company, of Hartford, Conn., are now ready to supply their new metallic cartridge Sporting Rifles, of which their Breech-Loaders stand at the head of the list of rifles for accuracy, lightness and safety. They have been exposed to the severest tests, and in every case a most favorable result has been obtained.

## INTERESTING TO LADIES.

Mrs. BUDWAY, of White Plains, N. Y., has had a Grover & Baker machine six years, during which time she has earned on it five hundred dollars, besides doing her family sewing, and has used only one dozen needles.

THE ADVERTISER'S GAZETTE, issued by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, contains much information not to be obtained elsewhere. Every advertiser should read it. Sample copies by mail for 25 cents.

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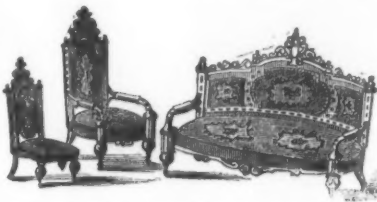
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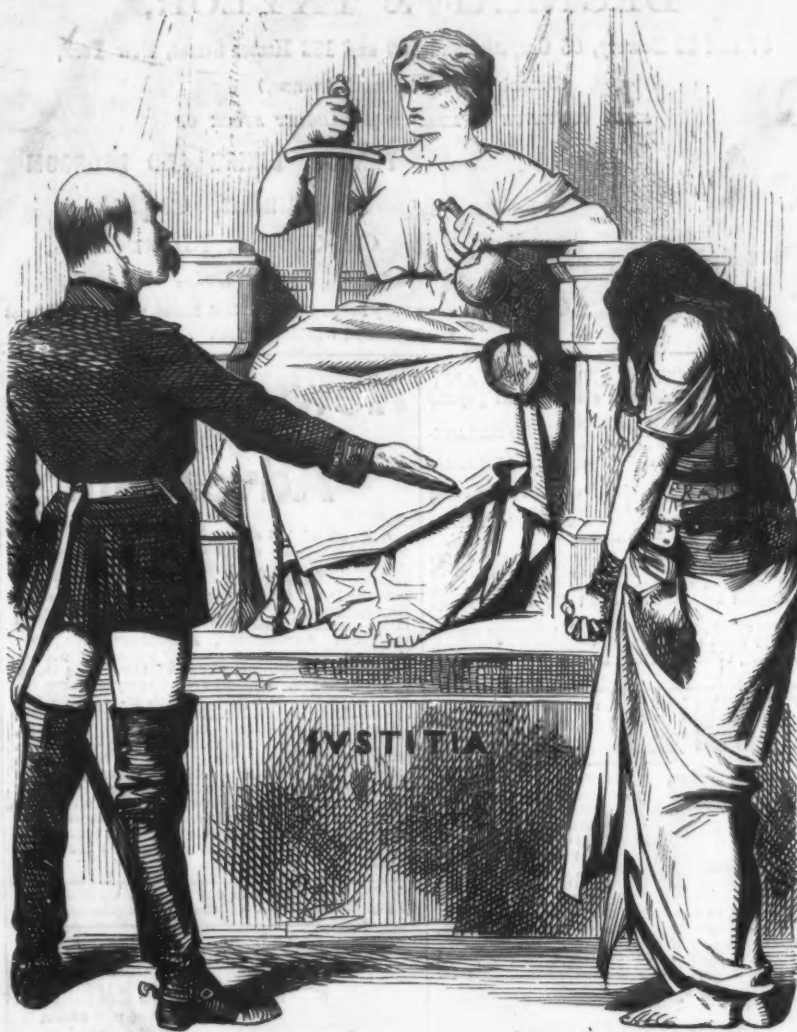
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